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A SPLENDID HAZARD

BY HAROLD MAC GRATH

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CHAPTER VIII—(Continued.)

She did not answer, but walked down the terrace steps to the path leading to the orchard. The sturdy, warty old trees leaned toward the west, the single evidence of the years of punishment received at the hands of the winter sea tempests. It was a real orchard, composed of several hundred trees, well kept, as evenly matched as might be, out of weedless ground. From some hidden bough, a robin voiced his happiness, and yellowbirds flew hither and thither, and there was billing and cooing and nesting. Along the low stone wall a wee chipmunk scampered.

"What place do you like best in this beautiful old world?" she asked, drawing down a snowy bough. Some of the blossoms fell and lay entrapped in her hair.

"This," he answered frankly. She met his gaze quickly, and with suspicion. His face was smiling, but not so his eyes. "Wherever I am, if content, I like that place best. And I am content here."

"To fight with Greece?"

"Yes."

"How that country always rouses our sympathies! Isn't there a little too much poetry and not enough truth about it?"

"There is. I fought with the Greeks because I disliked them less than the Turks."

"And Mr. Breitmann?"

He smiled. "He fought with the Turks to chastise Greece, which he loves."

"What adventures you two must have had! To be on opposing sides, like that!"

"Opposing newspapers. The two angles of vision made our copy interesting. There was really no romance about it. It was purely a business transaction. We offered our lives and our pencils for a hundred a week and our expenses. Rather sordid side to it, eh? And a fourth-rate order or two—"

"You were decorated?" excitedly. "I am sure it was for bravery."

"Don't you believe it. The king of Greece and the sultan both considered the honor conferred upon us as good advertising."

"You are laughing."

"Well, war in the Balkans is generally a laughing matter. Sounds brutal, I know, but it is true."

"I know," gaily. "You are conceited, and are trying to make me believe that you are modest."

"A bull's-eye!"

"And this Mr. Breitmann has been decorated for valor? And yet today he becomes my father's private secretary. The two do not connect."

"May I ask you to mention nothing of this to him? It would embarrass him. I had no business to bring him into it."

She grew meditative, brushing her lips with the blossoms. "He will be something of a mystery. I am not overfond of mysteries outside of book covers."

"There is really no mystery; but it is human for a man in his position to wish to bury his past greatness."

By and by the sun touched the southwest shoulder of the hill, and the two strolled back to the house.

From his window, Breitmann could see them plainly.

"Damn those scars!" he murmured, striking with his fist the disfigured cheek, which upon a time had been a source of pride and honor. "Damn them!"

CHAPTER IX.

They Dress for Dinner.

Breitmann watched them as long as he could. There was no jealousy in his heart, but there was bitterness, discontent, a savage self-pillorying. He was genuinely sorry that this young woman was so pretty; still, had she the graces of Calypso, he must have come. She would distract him, and he desired at that time distraction least of all diversions. Concentration and singleness of purpose—upon these two attributes practically hung his life. How strangely fate had stepped with him. What if there had not been that advertisement for a private secretary? How then should he have gained a footing in this house? Well, here he was, and speculation was of no value, save in a congratulatory sense. The fly in the amber was the presence of the young American; Fitzgerald, shrewd and clever, might stumble upon something. Well, till against that time!

His room was pleasant, a corner which gave two excellent views, one of the sea and the other of the orchard. There was no cluttering of furniture; it was simple, substantial, decently old. On the plain walls were some choice paintings. A landscape by Constable, a water color by Fortuny, and a rough sketch by Detaille; and the inevitable marines, such as one might expect in the house of a fighting sailor. He examined these closely, and was rather pleased to find them valuable old prints. And, better to his mind than all these, was the deft, mysterious touch or suggestion of a woman's hand. He saw it in the pillows on the lounge, in the curtains dropping from the windows, in the counterapne on the old four-poster.

Did Americans usually house their private secretaries in rooms fit for guests of long and intimate acquaintance? Ah, yes; this sailor was a rich man; and this mansion had not been erected yesterday. It amused him to think that these walls and richly polished floors were older than the French revolution. It seemed incredible, but it was true.

"Pirates!" His laughter broke forth, not loudly but deeply, fired by a broad and ready sense of humor—a perilous gift for a man who is seeking fine hazards. It was droll, it was even fantastic. To cruise about the world in search of pirate treasures, as if there remained a single isle, shore, promontory, known to have been the haunt of pirates, which had not been dug up and dug up again! And here, under the very hand— He struck his palms. "Why not?"

He ran to the window. The sleek white yacht lay tugging at her cables, like an eager hound in the leash. Seaworthy from stem to stern. Why not? No better cloak than this. I may not make you a good secretary, admiral; but, the gods propitious, I can, if needs say must, take you treasure hunting. It will be a fine stroke. Is it possible that fortune begins to smile on me at last? Well, I have had the patience to wait. The hour has come, and fortune shall not find me laggard. It has been something to wait as I have, never to have spoken, never to have forgotten. France knows and Germany knows, but only me, not what I have. They have even tried to drive me to crime. Wait, fools, wait!"

He drew his arms tightly over his heaving breast, for he was deeply moved, while over his face came that indefinable light which, at times, illuminates the countenance of a great man. It came and went; as a flash of lightning betrays the oncoming storm.

The chimney! His heart missed a beat. He had forgotten the chimney. The reaction affected him like a blow. A snarl twisted his mouth. What was this chimney to any other man? Only he of all men, knew. And yet, here was some one stealthily at work, forestalling him, knocking the bottom out of his great dream. There was nothing pleasant in the growing expression in his face; it was the tiger, waking. There could be only one way.

Swiftly he dashed to his trunk, knelt and examined the lock, unscrewed it, and took out the documents more precious to him than the treasures of a hundred Captain Kidds. Instantly, he returned to the window. Nothing was missing. But here was something he had never noticed before. On the face of the slip of parchment—a diagram, dim and faded—was an oily thumb-mark. The oil from the lock; nothing more; doubtless he himself had touched it. How many times had he found an unknown touch among his few belongings? How often had he smiled? Still, to quell all rising doubts, he rubbed his right thumb on the lock, and made a second impression. The daylight was now insufficient, so he turned on the electricity, and compared them. Slowly, the scars deepened till they were the tint of cedar. Death's head itself could not have fascinated him more than the dissimilarity of these two thumb-prints. He said nothing, but a queer little strangling sound came through his lips.

Who? Where? His heart beat so violently that the veins in his throat swelled and threatened to burst. But he was no weakling. He summoned all his will. He must act, and act at once, immediately. Fitzgerald? No, not that clever, idling fool. But who, who? He replaced the papers and the lock. A hidden menace. Question as he would, there was never any answer.

He practiced the pleasant deceit that the first mark had been there when the diagram had been given to him. It was not possible that any one had discovered his hiding-place. Had he not with his own hands contrived it, alone and without aid, under that accursed mansard roof? Not one of his co-adventurers knew; they had advanced him funds on his word. His other documents they had seen, these had sufficed them. Still, back it came, with deadly insistence; some one was digging at the bricks in the chimney. The drama was beginning to move. Had he waited too long?

Mechanically, he proceeded to dress for dinner. Since he was to sit at the family table, he must fit his dress and manners to the hour. He did not resist the sardonic smile as he put on his fresh patent leathers and his new dinner coat. He recalled Fitzgerald's half-concealed glances of pity the last time they had dined together.

In the room across the corridor, Fitzgerald was busy with a similar occupation. The only real worry he had was the doubt of his luggage arriving before he left. He had neither tennis clothes nor riding-habit, and these two pastimes were here among the regular events of the day. The admiral both played and rode with his daughter. She was altogether too charming. Had she been an ordinary society girl, he would have stayed his welcome threadbare perhaps. But, he repeated, she was not ordinary. She had evidently been brought up with few illusions. These she possessed would always be hers.

The world, in a kindly but mistaken spirit, fosters all sorts of beliefs in the head of a child. True, it makes childhood happy, but it leaves its skin tender. The moment a girl covers her slippers with skirts and winds her hair about the top of her curious young head, things begin to jar. The men are not what she dreamed them to be, there was such a person as Prince Charming; and the women embrace her—if she is pretty and graceful—with arms bristling with needles of envy and malice; and the rosal tint that she saw in the approach is nothing more or less than jaundice; and, one day disheartened and bewildered, she learns that the world is only a jumble of futile, ill-made things. The admiral had weeded out most of these illusions at the start.

"So much for suppositions and analysis," panted Fitzgerald, reknotting his silk tie. "As for me, I go to the Arctic; cold, but safe. I have never fallen in love. I have enjoyed the society of many women, and to some I've been silly enough to write, but I have never been maudlin. I'm no fool. This is the place where it would be most likely to happen. Let us beat an orderly retreat. What the devil ails my fingers tonight? M'h! There; will you stay tied as I want you? She has traveled, she has studied, she is at home with grand dukes in Nice and scribblers in a country village. She is wise without being solemn. She has courage, too, or I should not be here on a mere fluke. Now, my boy, you have given yourself due notice. Take care!"

He slipped his coat over his shoulders—and passably sturdy ones they were—and took a final look into the glass. Not for vanity's sake; sometimes a man's tie will show above the collar of his coat.

"H'm! I'll wager the trout are rising about this time. He imitated a cast which was supposed to land neatly in the corner. "Ha! Struck you that time, you beauty!" All of which proved to himself, conclusively, that he was in normal condition. "I should get a wire tomorrow about Breitmann. I hate to do anything that looks underhand, but he puzzles me. There was something about the chimney today; I don't know what. This is no place for him—nor for me, either," was the shrewd supplement.

There was still some time before dinner, so he walked about with his hands in his pockets and viewed the four walls of his room. He examined the paints and admired the collection of bloodthirsty old weapons over the mantel, but with the indirect interest of a man who is thinking of other things. At the end, he paused before the window, which, like the one in Breitmann's room, afforded a clear outlook to the open waters. Night was already mistress of the sea, and below, the village lights twinkled from various points.

Laura tried on three gowns, to the very great surprise of her maid. Usually her mistress told her in the morning what to lay out for dinner. Here were two fine-looking young men about, and yet she was for selecting the simplest gown of the three. The little French maid did not understand the reason, nor at that moment could her mistress have readily explained. It was easy to dress for the critical eyes of rich young men, officers, gentlemen with titles; all that was required was a fresh Parisian model, some jewels and a bundle of orchids or expensive roses. But these two men belonged to a class she knew little of; gentlemen adventurers, who had been in strange, unfrequented places, who had helped to make history, who received decorations and never wore them, who remained in the world at large obscure and unknown.

So, with that insight which is a part of a well-bred, intelligent woman, and also rather inexplicable to the male understanding—she chose the simplest gown. She was hazily conscious that they would notice this dress, whereas, the gleaming satin would have passed as a matter of fact. Round her graceful throat she placed an Indian turquoise necklace; nothing in her hair, nothing on her fingers. She went downstairs perfectly content.

As she came into the hall, she heard soft music. Someone was in the music-room, which was just off the library. She stopped to listen. Chopin, with light touch and tender feeling. Which of the two wanderers was it? Quietly she moved along to the door. Breitmann; she rather expected to find him. Nearly all educated Germans played. The music stopped for a moment, then resumed. Another melody followed, a melody she had heard from one end of France to the other. She frowned, not with displeasure, but with puzzlement. For what purpose did a soldier of the German empire play the battle hymn of the French Republic? The Marseillaise? She entered the music-room and the low but vibrant chords ceased instantly. Breitmann had been playing those melodies standing. He turned quickly.

"I beg your pardon," he said, but perfectly free from embarrassment.

"I am very fond of music myself. Please play whenever the mood comes to you. The Marseillaise—"

"Ah" he interrupted, laughing "There was a bit of traitor in my fingers just then. But music should have no country; it should be universal."

"Perhaps, generally speaking; but every land should have an anthem of its own. The greatest composition of Beethoven or Wagner will never touch the heart as the ripple of a battle song."

And when Fitzgerald joined them they were seriously discussing Wagner and his ill-treatment in Munich, and of the mad king of Bavaria.

As she had planned, both men noticed the simplicity of her dress.

"It is because she doesn't care," thought Breitmann.

"It is because she knows we don't care," thought Fitzgerald. And he was nearer the truth than Breitmann.

The dinner was pleasant, and there was much talk of travel. The admiral had touched nearly every port, Fitzgerald had been round three times, and Breitmann four. The girl experienced a sense of elation as she listened. She knew most of her father's stories, but tonight he drew upon a half-forgotten store. Without embellishment, as if they were ordinary, every-day affairs, they exchanged tales of adventure in strange island wildernesses; battles on land and sea. Never had any story book opened a like world. She felt a longing for the Himalayas, the Indian jungles, the low-lying islands of the South Pacific.

So far as the admiral was concerned, he was very well pleased with the new secretary.

Fitzgerald was not asleep. He had an idea, and he smoked his yellow African gourd pipe till this same idea shaped itself into the form of a resolve. He laid the pipe on the mantel, turned over the logs—for the nights were yet chill, and a fire was a comfort—and raised a window. He would like to hear some of that tapping in the chimney. He was fully dressed, excepting that he had exchanged shoes for slippers.

He went out into the corridor. There was no light under Breitmann's door. So much the better; he was asleep. Fitzgerald crept down the stairs with the caution of a hunter who is trailing new game. As he arrived at the turn of the first landing he hesitated. He could hear the old clock striking off the seconds in the lower hall. He cupped his ear. By George! Joining the sharp monotony of the clock was another sound, softer, intermittent. He was certain that it came from the library. That door was never closed. Click-click! Click-click! The mystery was close at hand.

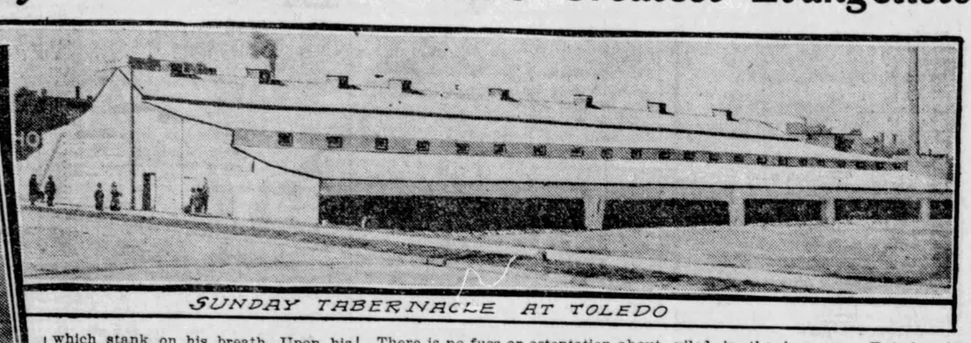
He moved forward. He wanted to get as close as possible to the fireplace. He peered in. The fire was all but dead; only the corner of a log glowed dully. Suddenly the glow died only to reappear, unchanged. This phenomena could be due to one thing, a passing of something opaque. Fitzgerald had often seen this in camps, when some one's legs passed between him and the fire. Someone else was in the room. With a light bound, he leaped forward, to find himself locked in a pair of arms no less vigorous than his own.

And even in that lively moment he remembered that the sound in the chimney went on!

To be Continued.

Billy Sunday --- One of the World's Greatest Evangelists

BILLY SUNDAY.



SUNDAY TABERNACLE AT TOLEDO

Toledo, Ohio, is in the throes of the beginning of what is believed will be one of the greatest religious revivals the world will have known. On April 9, Billy Sunday, ex-baseball player and admittedly the greatest of all American evangelists, commenced a campaign for religion which is to continue for six weeks. Sunday says that he "will hit the devil a thud in Toledo which will be heard all over the civilized world."

It is the largest city in which he has worked, and its citizens have builded for him the largest tabernacle the world has ever seen. In itself it is a marvel of construction. Measuring 160x220 feet, it will seat about 10,000 people and leave room for the standing of nearly 2,000 more. It was put under cover in four days and entirely completed in 10. In it there is a monster platform which will seat a choir of 1,000 voices and all the ministers of the city.

The work of building this tabernacle was done almost entirely by amateur labor. The ministers, lawyers, physicians and business men of the city donned old clothes or overalls and labored and sweated in rain and shine to perfect the building in compliance with the strictest requirements of the state and city building inspectors.

During the campaign 200 ushers will be required to handle the crowds which it is confidently expected will not only fill the tabernacle, but also the overflow meetings which have been arranged in churches and halls nearby. A fund of $10,000 was subscribed by local men who formed themselves into a stock company for the purpose and expect to be reimbursed from the proceeds of the first day's collection.

Twenty-four years ago, Billy Sunday sat, one Sunday afternoon, on a curbstone on Van Buren street, in Chicago, with some companions after a Saturday night debauch. His head ached with the fumes of the liquor which stank on his breath. Upon his ears there fell the music of the songs of the gospel, which they were singing in that hotbed of the gospel—the Pacific Garden mission. The hand of God reached down and placed Sunday in the mission and converted him. It stayed with him through the early stages of his conversion, and it kept him through three more years of ball playing, in which he was engaged with Cap Anson's famous old team of Chicago White Stockings when he entered into the service of the Master. The same care followed him through his career at Northwestern university and his activities as a Y. M. C. A. secretary and an assistant to that other great evangelist, Dr. Wilbur Chapman, until it led him, 12 years ago, to enter the field himself and begin the career which has made him, in a decade, the greatest American evangelist. The men who work with him and who eat and sleep and drink with him call him "the greatest man on the top of God's dirt today."

In the cities in which he has worked the church members whose sensitive souls were hurt by the reports of the vulgar language he used in other cities have heard some of his fearful crucifixions of vice and hypocrisy and his stinging arraignments of luke-warm religion without winking their eyes or feeling the blush they had expected to encrimson their countenances. They have done more. They have walked humbly down the "sawdust trail" with the tears of the repentant child in their eyes, driven by the lash of the tongue of this man, to acknowledge that their years and years of church membership have not meant the kind of Christianity that holds: "Ye must be born again."

He is a wonder, this man. A bundle of complexities with one motive power—the love of his fellowman for Jesus Christ. He comes into a meeting place of people packed with those who have been singing perhaps for an hour under the direction of one of his lieutenants. A slim, erect figure with the square jaw, the thick neck and the erect figure of the athlete. These days he is wearing a cap that he pulls down over his eyes and a fur coat with the collar turned up. He might be, when he comes upon the platform, the prize fighter just about to strip for the fray. He throws off his coat and looks out upon his audience with the intentness and alertness of the ballplayer.

There is no fuss or ostentation about him. He carries an air of deadly earnestness and there is no peroration about his sermons. He steps directly into the breach. People see first a slim, erect figure immaculately clad in dark clothing or light clothing, as the case may be, or as he may feel inclined. They hear a somewhat thin and somewhat husky voice and they wonder, if they are sitting close to him, how that voice can carry to the people so far away at the back of the tabernacle that one cannot recognize the blur of faces in the ring of men always occupying the "standing room only" left when Sunday steps upon the platform.

The tense, alert body loses its immobility and Sunday darts about as he never moved on the baseball field. He is now on this side of the platform, now on that. He violates every canon of oratorical position. Now he is standing upon a chair, now upon his pulpit even, with both feet on his Bible. He bends forward until he almost lies upon the platform, and it would not be surprising if he stood upon his head. He gesticulates with his whole body. During the course of the sermon "Booze, or Get on the Water Wagon," delivered in Lima recently before 7,500 men, he was almost naked before he had concluded.

He raged like a lion. First he stripped his coat and vest from his back. He tore his collar and necktie from his neck. Later he turned up his shirt sleeves and then, in one thrilling moment, when denunciation of the gin-mill was sweeping with a thrill, that passed over his entire audience, from his lips, he tore the shirt from his back and stood up, in his fight with liquor, clad only, so far as the upper part of his body was concerned, in a light unsleeved athletic undershirt, with the perspiration dropping and forming a ring around him when he stood long enough. But the stream of words rolled on and the men who watched him had time for no other expression but the occasional catching of the breath that swept over the entire tabernacle.

Sunday has fought his way during his 12 years of evangelism through the opposition of people of the churches and the underhanded methods of the interests whom he has inveighed against. He has been subjected to more criticism from the "good" people than Robert Ingersoll, and has been excoriated in the pulpit and reviled in the barroom. But he has "made good" for the gospel and people are coming to recognize that he has a purpose in his, to them, seeming madness. As a traveling man said within a few days: "Sunday delivers the goods."

In 56 cities into which he has carried the gospel, Sunday has converted over 110,000 people. A very large majority of these have remained converted. They are not of the old camp meeting type that are carried away with the spirit of the thing and go back to stealing chickens next week. But they are earnest men and women who have been shown and given a vision of better things and kept it. Reports from those cities in Ohio in which Sunday has worked show that churches of all denominations have received tremendous accessions to their memberships. These reports also show that those ministers and congregations which have been most arduous in the work of preparation have also been the recipients of the most tremendous results.

Sunday was born in 1863 in Storey, Ames county, Iowa. His father was killed in the ranks of the Union army before he was born. He was educated in the Davenport Soldiers' Orphans' home and learned the furniture business. Cap Anson, famous in baseball history, discovered his baseball possibilities and "Billy" played five years as a valued member of one of the greatest baseball aggregations the county has known—the old Chicago White Stockings. He was called "the fastest man on the bases in the National league." He has not lost his speed on the platform.

After his conversion he played baseball with Philadelphia for three years without playing on Sundays. On that day he preached and then fired a passenger engine between the baseball seasons. He worked his way through a course at Northwestern university and refused an offer from the Cincinnati team of $500 a month, to take a position as a secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Chicago at $83 a month.

In 1903 he was received into the ministry of the Presbyterian church in Chicago and served with Dr. Wilbur Chapman as an assistant for a number of years before he entered into the evangelistic field independently. He is 48 years old. He does not look 40. He is in perfect health. He is at the height of his mental and physical power.

The Unspoken Call.

From out the silence comes a luring song;
The great hills lift their voices, and their cry
Is heard through all life's turmoil; loud and high,
It calls us to them, from the struggling throng.

The bare, wide deserts, with their burning sands,
Have poignant calls which all their kindred bear;
Their spell of desolation and of fear
Has mightier lure than all the verdured lands.

The lonely prairies, where the seas of green
Unbroken sweep to the horizon line,
Where man has left no imprint and no sign.
Call to us always, though seas intervene.

The forests, stately, beautiful, which bring
Down balm from heaven for every weary soul—
Their voices plead in every organ's roll,
We hear their call in all the winds that sing.

And the great oceans—midway from each beach
We feel their salt spray on our parching lips;
Their waves moan in each wind that onward slips;
By day and night they call—call and beseech.

Through all the tumult of the street rings clear
Their noiseless clamor and their voiceless cry;
The strong winds bring it; piercing, sweet and high
It calls—and all the soul awakes to hear.

—Ninette M. Lowater, in New York Sun.

Reeves Pheasants for Oregon.

Corvallis cor. Portland Oregonian.

Game Warden Stevenson has just placed an order for 100 pairs of the Reeves pheasant. These birds will be shipped by the game warden to all parts of the state and turned loose.

The Reeves pheasant is the largest of the pheasant family and is a fine game bird. As they are hardy and increase rapidly in the wild state it is expected soon to have the forests of Oregon well stocked with the birds.

Last year Mr. Simpson supplied the state with 100 pairs of the pheasants. They were distributed over western Oregon and some were sent to Baker. They were set at liberty at the various points by persons who are co-operating with the game warden and who have studied the birds as closely as practicable under the varying conditions. Reports show that they have come through the winter in excellent condition.

Shot by the Kaiser.

Baily's Magazine.

According to German papers the German emperor has since he first commenced to shoot killed to his own weapons 33,637 pheasants, 17,963 hares, 3,392 wild boars, 2,447 rabbits, 1,880 red deer stags and 90 hinds, 1,768 fallow bucks and 98 does, 981 roebuck, 826 cormorants and herons, 439 foxes, 121 chamois, 108 capercailzie, 95 grouse, 87 ducks, 24 blackcock, 12 elk, 6 bison, 6 badgers, 4 woodcock, 3 bears, 3 wild turkeys, 3 reindeer, 2 guinea fowl, 2 snipe, 1 whale, 1 pike, 1 marten and 516 various.

Not So Easy as It Seemed.

Das Buch fur Alle.

Twelve persons decided to lunch together every day and agreed not to sit twice in the same order. One of the number, a mathematician, surprised his associates by informing them that their decision meant that one and one-third million years must elapse before they would again be seated in the original order.

Two men can sit together only in two different ways, three in six ways, four in 24, five in 120, six in 720, seven in 5,040, eight in 40,320, nine in 362,888, ten in 3,628,800, eleven in 39,916,800 and twelve in 470,100,600.

Lights Seen 33 Miles Away.

Baltimore American.

Unusual visibility of lights has been reported to the Hydrographic Office by Capt. Thomas E. Clinch, of the Heald Bank lightship, Gulf of Mexico. He states that on the night of January 16 the fog cleared after being almost continuous for a week. At 8 a. m. on January 17, an object was sighted which appeared to be a channel buoy or a small boat. He lowered the motor boat and proceeded toward it.

After going in its direction for 10 miles he made it out to be a schooner, hull down, probably six miles further away. At 7 p. m. the lights of the city of Galveston were plainly visible. Between 7 and 9 p. m. Bolivar light, 33 miles distant, was easily seen regularly flashing every 10 seconds. The observations were taken from a height above sea level of 10 feet.

On the Cold Floor of the Sea

THE whole of the Atlantic floor—at least to the depth of 2,000 fathoms—is covered with an almost uniform grayish sediment, which to the naked eye appears like mud, but as seen by the microscope consists of very minute shells and fragments of shells. The upper surface of this ooze is of a creamy consistency and is made up chiefly of whole shells.

The next inch or two is firmer, the tiny shells being broken up and cemented into a calcareous paste. Below this layer again whole shells and fragments have disappeared, the paste being uniform. This sediment at places is believed to extend to a depth of 1,000 feet. Few objects are more beautiful or more graceful in shape than the microscopic shells of the Atlantic ooze, though they are in most cases invisible to the naked eye. Though so minute that 3,800,000 have been counted in an [illegible] of the sediment, yet, like the nautilus, each shell is divided into chambers, which are connected by small apertures like windows or doors, from which the beatiful objects take their name, Foraminifera, from the Latin, foramen, a hole. When alive the home of these creatures was the surface of the sea, as may be seen from the phosphorescent blaze that follows in the track of the townet. Each square mile of the ocean surface with a depth of 100 fathoms must contain 16 tons of carbonate of lime in the form of calcareous shells.

The shells, as the inhabitants die, fall down in a constant rain and accumulate on the ocean bed. So numerous are the foraminifera in the limestone used for buildings in Paris, that that city may be said to be built of them. Egypt's great pyramid is also composed of them, but of a larger type and even more highly organized, called nummulites, from nummulus, a small piece of Latin money.

Canada's Mixed Races.

The Bible is already sold in Canada in ninety different tongues, but seventeen other races are now asking that editions be printed in their languages. The British and Foreign Bible Society has published the Scriptures in 424 different tongues, but it seems seventeen more must be made to meet the needs of Canada's heterogeneous population.

An Irish Rogue Under James II.

THAT the publications of the British Historical Manuscripts Commission are not altogether dull reading may be gathered from the subjoined extract from "Calendar of the MSS. of the Marquess of Ormonte, K. P., Preserved at Kilkenny Castle." Under date "London, April 30, 1681," Colonel E. Cooke writes to the Duke of Ormonde, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a long letter in which after communicating certain political intelligence he proceeds to retail some remarkable stories of the town and this one is quoted by the Lancet of London:

"One habited like the better sort of serving men, having more subtility than honesty, viewing the plate exposed to show in a goldsmith's shop, took a note of it, which reading to the goldsmith as parcels his master, naming a doctor of physic the goldsmith had heard of, had sent him to buy, the goldsmith undertook to furnish him to the value of between 50 li. and 60 li. The goldsmith and his apprentices immediately fell furbishing up the plate, he appointing to call for it within two hours, because his master was to make a present of it that night. Accordingly he came just as it began to be dark, borrowed one of the servants to carry it, and the note of its weight and worth along with him.

"As soon as he came to the doctor's house he ordered the fellow to stay in a corner of the hall till he waited on his master, and immediately ascended the stairs to his closet door, and on knocking had entrance, told the doctor he had a kinsman, a hopeful young man (exactly describing the goldsmith's servant's person and habit) who from the distemper of this new fever, though he had recovered his strength, yet had so impaired his senses that he frequently fell into raving fits, the warning he gave of their approach was to fall a-talking of plate and money, and money for plate, and then two or three men could scarce hold him; because he had not long been so distempered he the more hoped of recovery, especially encouraged from the doctor's fame; he added he would take care to convey him to the doctor, but durst not come with him, and so left the doctor to give order for a dark room against he came, and returned to the fellow for plate and note to carry to his master, who himself would weigh it, and he would immediately bring down the money.

"Away slips he out of the back door with his burden, and when the fellow had outstayed his patience he desired to speak with the doctor, to whom when he approached the doctor concluded him to be his bespoke patient, and being in the middle of a recipe bade him sit down and he would discourse with him presently, by his bell summoning up his servants, and as soon as at leisure began to question him how long he had been ill. He, staring, replied that he had not been ill. 'I mean,' said the doctor, 'of this new fever.' He answered he never had it in his life. The doctor would fain feel his pulse; the fellow struggled to prevent it, and began to say he came not for physic, but for money for his plate, or his plate again. Immediately three of his servants were commanded to seize him, and a chirugeon sent for to let him blood, which by mere force he did, and to take a great quantity from him, nay after sent for a barber to shave off his hair, and the more the fellow argued for his plate or money the more madman he was accounted, and having lost his blood and hair was clapped into a dark room, not only kept there that night, but the next day also, and the night following.

"The goldsmith all this while, concluding his servant run away with his plate, was determined to garet him, but a gentleman accidentally coming to the doctor and he mentioning his new patient, the gentleman's curiosity tempted him to see him, who, it seems, the fellow had seen and began to declare whose servant he was. The gentleman knew him not in that disguise, but sending for his master the cheat came out."

A SLEEPING MEMORY

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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CHAPTER XXIV.

Powers left the ballroom early and walked home. All his life a man of subdued emotions, of plentiful self-restraint, the abyss into which he had fallen was intolerable. All the scientific aspirations, the quiet culture, and the easy, pleasant days of sybaritical studentship which had filled his life were suddenly things of the past. His passionate love for Eleanor was predominant. He was like a man afflicted with a strange fever of unknown origin, which no physician could prescribe for, and which he himself was powerless to resist. His judgment of her remained unbiased. He knew that she was behaving like a spoiled and selfish child, that she treated him without even the courtesy due to her host, that she lived only for her own pleasure. But he thought of those days before, and his heart ached with the pain of it. Even then he had seen this thing coming. He knew quite well that her presence affected him as no other woman's presence had ever done. And he put the thought away from him in contempt. Women had never taken any place in his life—he thought himself invulnerable. What folly it seemed to him now! A little patience then, a little kindness, and her heart had been so easily won. He could have answered her cry with a full hand. He could have unlocked the gates of her promised land, and himself have been the guide.

The cool night air blew softly upon his heated face. He had left the dance in a moment of almost ungovernable rage. As he walked he grew calmer and more composed. He had no right to be angry with Hood and these others who had become almost her blind slaves. She was beautiful for them as for him. But Trowse! Again his face darkened, again the fierce anger swelled in his heart. Trowse, at any rate, was not fascinated by her beauty. His object in entering the ranks of her admirers had been boldly declared, and Powers' defiance was no idle threat. There should be no more tampering with her life and reason. If Trowse persisted, there could be but one end to it all. Powers contemplated it without even aversion. A strong man, the whole current of whose life has been diverted into strange channels, looks upon death with a certain curiosity, the solution of a mighty problem, a dignified ending after all to an existence more or less purposeless. A certain vein of fatalism in Powers' temperament came to his aid in these weary days.

As he passed across Berkeley Square, he was suddenly aware of a familiar object loitering on the pavement near his mother's house. He stopped short, extended his hand, and caught by the shoulder the man who was on the point of slinking away.

"What are you doing here?" he asked sharply.

Johnson straightened himself as soon as he found escape impossible. The change in him was wonderful. He was no longer smug or dapper, no longer would he have been described even by those partial young ladies who had submitted to his mild authority as gentlemanly. He was a strange, unprepossessing-looking creature, with a thin, straggling beard and unshaven cheeks, dressed in seedy black, with a manner half-nervous, half-dogged. He answered Powers' question after a moment's hesitation:

"I want to see—Miss Surtoes!"

Powers was exasperated.

"You unmitigated ass!" he exclaimed. "Can't you understand that the young lady who is living here with my mother is not Miss Surtoes?"

"So you say—so she says," Johnson muttered; "and you both lie."

"You have spoken to her then—without my knowledge?"

"You have no right to prevent me," Johnson answered stolidly. "It is true that I have spoken to her."

Powers mastered his anger. The creature, after all, was in an abject state.

"Well! She told you, I suppose, that her name was Hardinge. She did not encourage you in your folly, I am sure."

"She told me that she was not Miss Surtoes. She—laughed at me."

"And yet you hang round here to see her!"

"I cannot help it," Johnson muttered. "I have tried to go away. I cannot. I must be where I can see her."

Powers was not hard-hearted, and the pathos of the thing was suddenly borne in upon him.

"My poor fellow," he said, more gently, "can't you see that this is the most consummate folly? You are wasting your time and making yourself miserable absolutely to no purpose. Come, be sensible. Walk on with me to my flat. I may be of service to you if only you will try and rid yourself of this madness. You are bing made miserable by a chance resemblance. I know no more where Miss Surtoes is than you do."

"It is a lie!" Johnson said quietly. "It is not worth while talking like that to me. If every one from Bearmain's, if every one of her relations, and every one who had ever seen her were to say the same thing, it would be no use. You are a gentlemtn, and you shouldn't tell lies, even to such as me."

Powers was silent for a moment. He looked meditatively at the creature before him.

"Well," he said, "supposing for a moment that you were right. The young lady declines to talk to you; she is well and happy, and amongst friends. Where do you come in? What possible good can you do yourself or her by this amazing conduct?"

"There is a mystery," Johnson answered, "which bewilders me. Something evil has come to her—and I believe through you. She herself may realize it some day. I want to be on the spot to help. I want her to know

DOCTORS ADVISED OPERATION--DECIDED TO TRY GREAT KIDNEY REMEDY.

I want to tell you in a few words what Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root did for me, believing that my testimony may do some other suffering person a great deal of good.

About six years ago I was dangerously ill, consulted three doctors, all of whom said I had kidney trouble. One of the doctors analyzed my urine and reported that I had gravel, and further said that in order to regain my health and life, an operation would be necessary. I did not want to be operated on, as I was afraid that I would not recover. Someone told me of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and said it was a reliable medicine for kidney trouble, so I decided to try it and went to Mr. Rose, the druggist, at 303 Central Ave., Minneapolis, and bought a bottle, took it, noticed results and continued taking it until I was entirely cured.

Having been free from any kidney trouble for over six years, I consider that I am absolutely cured and know that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root has the credit.

I never fail to tell my friends about your remedy, as I believe it is the best of its kind. Your U & O Ointment is also very good. We are never without a jar in our house.

Yours very truly,
MRS. MARGARET E. ANDERSON,
Minneapolis, Minn.

State of Minnesota, County of Hennepin, ss.

Personally appeared before me this 23d day of Sept., 1909, Mrs. Margaret E. Anderson, of the City of Minneapolis, of the State of Minnesota, who subscribed the above, and on oath says that the same is true in substance and in fact.

M. M. KERRIDGE,
Notary Public.
Commission expires March 26, 1914.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the Toledo Weekly Blade. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

that she has one friend—who would die for her."

Powers sighed.

"I can see that there is nothing to be done for you," he said. "Take one last word of warning from me, though. I am a physician, and I know what I am talking about. Go on as you are doing, and the asylum gates are open before you. You are not quite sane now. Take care of the little reason that is left."

Johnson shuddered.

"You may be right," he said hoarsely, "but if hell was yawning before me—the real hell, you know, with burning fires for everlasting—I could not step aside. I must be where I can see her sometimes. I've given up Ada, got the sack from Bearmain's, my father has turned me out of doors, because he thinks that I have taken to drink. I never think of these things. They don't seem to matter. It is as though her fingers had closed upon something inside me, and she was holding me to her. I couldn't escape—if I would. It will be like this till the end!"

"What end is there to wait for?" Powers asked.

"Death or madness or the solution of the mystery which has changed Eleanor Surtoes into Eleanor Hardinge!"

He slunk away, and Powers let him go. The creature was surely no longer dangerous? Yet the echo of his last words struck home with a chilly premonition of evil, revived almost as soon as Powers reached his flat, and looked through the letters which were awaiting him. The first which he opened was from a firm of bankers:

"Dear Sir—We understand that Miss Eleanor Hardinge, daughter of Colonel Archibald Musgave Hardinge, of Calcutta, is a resident at present under your roof. We have a considerable credit in favor of this young lady, but were unler the impression that she was amongst the passengers who perished in the unfortunate accident to the Colombo in the Bay of Biscay. We have made the most careful inquiries, and have failed to find her name in any list of survivors. Under these cricumstances, we should esteem it a favor if the young lady in question and you, who are named as her guardian, would pay us a personal visit, so that this matter may be cleared up, and in the event of satisfactory evidence of Miss Hardinge's identity being forthcoming, her account with us duly opened. We beg to remain, yours faithfully,

"Barnard & Barnard, Ltd."

The second letter which Powers opned bore an American postmark and was typewritten. It was dated from Boston, U. S. A.:

"Dear Sir—I have today received a delayed letter from my brother, Colonel Hardinge, of Calcutta, in which he advises me that he has found it advisable to send his daughter Eleanor to Europe, and begs that I will ultimately assume the care of her. He mentions your name as that of an old friend, who will be glad to give her a home in London for the present, and where I may hear of ner.

"I should be glad, sir, to hear from you by cable as to whether my niece is at present domiciled with you, and if that is the case, I will arrange for a trip to Europe without delay. I am, sir, yours truly,

"John Hardinge."

Powers sat with pen and paper before him for fully an hour. He realized now the folly of which he had been guilty. The future would be beset with difficulties. He resolved at last upon his course of action. He wrote to the bankers a few formal lines acknowledging their communication, and begging them to allow the matter to remain over for the present, as Miss Hardinge's health did not permit any allusions to the unfortunate occurrence to which they referred. And he sent the following cable to John Hardinge:

"Regret to inform you Miss Hardinge was drowned in Colombo shipwreck.

"Fiske."

CHAPTER XXV.

Powers had scarcely finished breakfast the next morning before a visitor was announced. Captain Hood followed so closely upon the footsteps of the servant who had let him in that denial was impossible.

Powers found himself committed to a tete-a-tete with the one man whom he was most desirous to avoid.

"I am an early visitor, Sir Powers. You will forgive me, I hope. I could not rest until I had seen you."

Hood was carefully groomed and dressed, but the healthy tan seemed to have left his cheeks. He was pale, and there were deep lines under his eyes. His manner was restless, almost to nervousness. He looked like a man who had known no sleep.

"I am quite at your service," Powers said uietly. "Have you breakfasted?"

"Long since, thank you."

"Then what can I do for you? Sit down—will you smoke? There are cigarettes at your elbow."

Hood helped himself, but the fingers which held the match trembled painfully.

"I have come to speak to you—about Miss Hardinge."

Powers raised his eyebrows.

"About Miss Hardinge?" he repeated coldly. "I don't understand."

"Understand! Good God, no more do I!" Hood exclaimed. "I haven't slept a wink all night. I couldn't even keep my eyes closed. Sir Powers, I am beginning to realize what a man feels like—when he is going mad."

"You are talking very strangely, Captain Hood."

"Strangely! Listen! I told you when I first saw Miss Hardinge that her likeness to Eleanor Marston was a wonderful thing. You will remember how powerfully it impressed me that night. Well, I have seen a good deal of Miss Hardinge lately—and Sir Powersers, sometimes I have to pinch myself to be sure that I am sane. She's so different—and she's so—hellishly like. And she says things sometimes which startle me. Last night I told her of a great friend of mine—a girl to whom I was once engaged—who lived in a little village in Yorkshire. For the moment I had forgotten the name of the place, and while I was hesitating she repeated it softly—as though to herself. When I asked her how on earth she had heard of it, she did not know, could not repeat the name, did not remember having uttered it. And she was telling the truth Beyond a doubt she was telling the truth. And again I was speaking of the house. I called it the Hall. She shook her head. 'The Grange,' she murmured, and, Sir Powers, she was right. She knew nothing about it, she said, She had never been in Yorkshire, she had known no one of the name of Marston. And yet she corrected me twice, and both times she was right. What in God's name does it mean?"

His eyes were burning with anxiety—he was positively haggard. Powers looked at him curiously.

"I am afraid," Captain Hood," he said, "that you are suffering from an attack of nerves. You have let your imagination run away with you. It is easy enough if once you are a little run down. You must use your willpower. It was, after all, not possible for Miss Hardinge to have corrected you in the way you tell me. Try to convince yourself of that."

"I cannot!" Hood said. "I heard her!"

"You thought that you heard her," Powers said coolly. "You were in an overstrung and excited state, and this likeness you speak of had evidently got upon your nerves. At such times the evidence even of one's senses is not to be relied upon. Now Miss Hardinge's history is known to me. Positively she has never been in Yorkshire in her life. Think of that, and realize what it means. She has never been in Yorkshire in her life. Therefore what you thought you heard was impossible. Dismiss the memory of it at once."

Hood rose up.

"Let me hear you say it again—repeat it after me," he demanded. "Miss Hardinge and Miss Marston are two different persons. There is no connection between them."

"It is ridiculous to doubt it for a moment," Powers declared. "They are two utterly different persons. There is no connection between them."

Hood sat down again. He wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"You must think that I am mad, Sir Powers," he said apologetically. "I cant' help it. There are times when—but enough of that I want to try to forget it if I can. I had another object in coming to see you."

Powers sat with stony face.. "Indeed!"

"Yes! I understand that for the present you are—her—guardian?"

"Miss Hardinge is temporarily in my care," Powers admitted.

"I am going to see her—this morning," Hood said. "I am going to ask her to marry me."

Powers made no sign. He had had ample warning.

"My guardianship," he said, "is scarcely sufficient to warrant my direct interference in such a matter. But I understand that you are almost dependent upon your pay."

"I have only two hundred a year outside it," Hood admitted. "I am a poor man."

Powers smiled faintly.

"You know that Miss Hardinge has little or no money?"

"Yes!"

"Then what do you propose to live on?" Powers asked.

"My uncle will give me a secretaryship if I leave the army," Hood said. "It will not be much to start with, but it will be better than my pay."

"Do you seriously suppose," Powers asked, "that Miss Hardinge would contemplate marriage—upon such prospects?"

Hood winced a little.

"She has been used to different things, I know," he admitted, "but if I am lucky enough to find that she cares for me—at all—I do not think that she would mind."

Powers smiled bitterly.

"I am afraid," he said, "you do not quite understand Miss Hardinge."

"On the contrary," Hood retorted, "I think that it is you who fail to understand her. You and she never seem to get on—do you?"

"I suppose—not."

"She is fond of pretty things, of course," Hood went on. "All girls are. And she has been very much admired, and she is very young. It is a wonder that she has not been completely spoiled. But she h asn't. She is just as simple and natural as a child. I am quite sure—that if she cared for anyone—she would not consider money at all."

"I trust," Powers said, "that you have not been mistaken in your estimation of her character."

"You don't agree with me, then?"

"I do not," Powers admitted. "I should strongly advise you to defer your proposal for the present. If you are determined to go on with it, I think that you will be disappointed."

"She may refuse me," he said simply. "I don't know why she should do anything else. But if she does, I am quite sure of one thing. It will not be because I am a poor man. Whatever you may say or think of her, I am convinced that she is not mercenary."

Powers did not reply. He walked to the door with his guest.

"You will wish me luck?" the latter asked, holding out his hand.

"I cannot even do that," Powers said gravely. "I do not consider you suited for one another. I do not think that there is one chance in a thousand that she will accept you."

Hood turned away, white and determined.

"I hope," he said, "that I shall be able to surprise you."

* * * * * * *

He asked for Miss Hardinge, but was shown into the drawing room, where it chanced that Lady Fiske was busy arranging some flowers. She greeted him pleasantly, and chatted a few moments about the ball.

"I suppose—perhaps I am a little early for Miss Hardinge?" he asked.

She looked at him quickly—and sighed. Hood was not equal to the task of concealing his purpose.

"No. I think that Eleanor is down!" she answered. "Shall I ask for her?"

"If you would be so good!" he begged.

He attempted no excuse. Rightly he felt that it was useless. And Lady Fiske, who had risen as though to leave the room, checked him as he sprang up to open the door.

"One moment, Captain Hood!" she said, looking at him kindly. "You will forgive me, I am sure. Your mother was a dear friend of mine, and though you won't remember me, I knew you when you were a little boy. Am I right in supposing that you wish to—speak seriously to Eleanor?"

"Yes! I daresay you can guess—you must have seen. I want to ask her to be my wife."

She let her hand fall upon his, and looked up at him earnestly.

"Don't."

He started and changed color. The emphasis of that monosyllable was disconcerting.

"You think—that I have no chance?" he murmured.

"I am sure that you have not."

He went very white. For several moments he was silent.

"You will not think me unkind, will you?" she went on. "I only want to save you pain. I am sure that Eleanor has no idea of marrying you. If she has encouraged you at all, and I know that she has, it has been simply because she likes having for her companions those who can give her the most pleasure. That sounds rather a cruel thing to say, I know, but I am afraid that Eleanor has not been brought up to have much consideration for the feelings of others."

He raised his head. She saw how her words had scarred him.

"Your son," he said, "has been telling me the same things. Perhaps I have been mistaken in Miss Hardinge—but if so, it is my own fault. I am sure that she would not wilfully have misled me. Lady Fiske," he added, with more decision in his tone, and a sudden straightening of his back, "I am bound to believe in her. I do believe in her. I am not afraid to stand my chance."

She smiled at him wistfully. No woman likes to see a man suffer.

"It will be best, perhaps," she said. "Eleanor is in the morning room writing a letter. You can go in to her."

* * * * * * *

Ten minutes afterwards she heard the hall door close. Eleanor came out from the morning room with a frown upon her face.

"You have had a visitor?" Lady Fiske remarked, looking round with her foot upon the stairs.

"Only Captain Hood!" Eleanor answered petulantly. "He has annoyed me very much. He wanted me to marry him."

"Annoyed you?" Lady Fiske repeated.

"Yes! It is too ridiculous. He is shockingly poor—he had no right to think of such a thing. He was so useful, too, and now, I suppose he will go away or do something stupid. Men are so selfish."

Lady Fiske continued on her way upstairs. She made no remark.

To be Continued.

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Mr. K. GILMAN, instructor of athletics, 417 Warren St., Roxbury, Mass., says:—"I have used

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Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible.

Will somebody kindly give the rule, through the Farmstead, for measuring lumber in the log?—T., Lawrenceville, Ind.

I have a cow that gives bloody milk at times—there are clots of blood in every milking. Will somebody advise me what to do?—C., Chance, S. Dak.

Will some kind reader give me a recipe for killing roaches?—S., Selbyville, W. Va.

CASTOR OIL FOR WARTS

To remove warts from cow's teats use castor oil. I tried it last spring. I had a heifer with a wart as big as the end of my little finger and an inch long. I used castor oil every time I milked and it soon disappeared.—R., New London, O.

FEED FOR COWS

The dairy cow is simply a machine for turning feeds into milk. The more feed she can consume, digest and assimilate the more milk she is able to give. Milk is said to be complete natural food; that is, it contains all the necessary elements in right proportion for sustaining animal life. Then, if a cow is to give an abundance of milk containing many different elements it is necessary to give her feeds which contain the several elements.

No single plant substance is a complete food, and hence will not properly sustain animal life or promote heavy animal secretions. A variety of plain substances must be fed to meet all the demands.

The dairy cow not only needs a variety of feeds to supply the various elements of the milk she yields, but for her bodily maintenance and stimulation of appetite. If her appetite is good she will eat much food, which is just as essential as a variety. For the stimulation of appetite and aid in digestion some of her feeds should be green and succulent, such as roots and silage for winter. Some linseed meal should be given at frequent intervals. It is not only a rich feed, but an excellent regulator of the digestive organs. Clover and alfalfa hay are both rich in milk forming elements and give bulk to the ration. Some corn should be given daily, especially through the cold months, because cows greatly relish the grain and it helps in forming butter fat and in producing animal heat. Give the cows about all they will clean up at each feed, but change often not only the kinds but the amounts of each kind at different times. This change gives a stimulating variety of feeds, and the cows thrive and produce on it.

HUMUS AND SMALL FRUITS

In preparing soil for small fruits the more humus applied to the soil the better will be its moisture holding power. Plow under manure before planting, and work manure into the soil through cultivation during the growing season. Mulching it into the soil about the fruit plants will aid in retaining soil moisture and making a better crop.

GARDEN AND FRUIT

The strawberry bed should be prepared at least two years before the plants are set. Plow deep this spring and seed to some early maturing garden crop. Early in June work up the surface with a spade or disk and seed to cowpeas. In the fall apply a heavy coat of well rotted cow manure and plow the ground before frost. Next year plant to seed corn, and late in the fall plow again, removing all of the corn roots. The following spring disk and level the ground, and in April set the plants.

W. Paddock says organic matter will do many things for the orchard and garden soils, but the one important thing for us to consider in this connection is that it sets free some of the locked up plant food elements. All of our soils contain an abundance of fertility, but it is mostly in forms that are useless to the plants. The decay of vegetable matter generates materials which decompose the soil particles and also promotes various soil activities. All these working together are continually making food elements available; and the family of plants which includes the clovers, beans, peas and alfalfa actually add to the fertility of the soil.

J. H. Hale, the noted Eastern fruit grower, gives the following rules for successful fruit growing: Give the orchard the best soil you have, rolling land preferred. Prepare this land thoroughly and continue thorough tillage. Get good trees. Plan ahead and transplant trees two or three times bofer setting in permanent place, or pay nurserymen for doing it. Head your trees low. Manufacture them to suit your idea. Get them down where you can handle them easily and cheaply. Prune annually and spray often and thoroughly. Thin apples. Good trees overbear. This is the most paying operation of all. Pick two to four times, to get all of the crop at proper stages of ripeness. We do not pick the whole of any other fruit crop at once. Why apples? Do not plant dwarfs, but, rather, dwarf your standard trees by summer and root pruning if they are over-vigorous. We have thrown such trees into bearing by plowing deeply and subsoiling. Cultivate early and until about the middle of July; then seed to a clover crop and let alone.

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Skin diseases flee when the blood is charged with this great eradicator.

The blood at once feels its influence and eruptions cease and fade away almost beyond belief, so immediate is its action.

No matter what degree of eruptive skin trouble you may have, Stuart's Calcium Wafers will purify and enrich the blood. These little wafers go into the stomach just like the skin impurities get in. They tone up this organ, enter the intestines, are absorbed by the lacteals and lymphatics, are drawn into the blood, course quickly to every organ and atom of the body, and remove secretions and decay. The lungs are assisted, the liver is aided, the stomach re-inforced, and skin diseases are assailed from their sources. All retreat, for disease is cut off from the rear, and very quickly nature routs the effects of such maladies which appear in the form of pimples, eruptions, blackheads and scaly formations.

You have science backed up by years of actual proof when you take a Stuart Calcium Wafer. Not a mere feeble effort at relief, but a remedy of nature that has relieved human subjects greater in number by far than the entire army of America and Canada. For chronic or temporary blood disorders and skin diseases these wafers are without an equal.

If you will go to your druggist and ask him the virtue of Calcium Sulphide his answer will confirm these statements.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers, he will also say, are the most popular and scientific method of using this wonderful ingredient. They sell for 50c per package, or send us your name and address and we will send you a trial package by mail free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 422 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

The River of Life.

The more we live more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker.

When joys have lost their bloom and breath
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the Falls of Death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends have gone
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth, a seeming length,
Proportioned to their sweetness.

—Thomas Campbell.

It Does The Heart Good

To see how the little folks enjoy

Post Toasties

with cream

Sweet, crisp bits of pearly white corn, rolled and toasted to an appetizing brown.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
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Gold Spectacles Free

I Mean What I Say

And I positively don't want you to send me a single solitary penny when you answer this announcement. Why? Because I am now introducing a new kind of Spectacle—my wonderful "Perfect Vision" Spectacles—the latest and most remarkable eyesight protectors and preservers the world has ever seen.

—These latest "Perfect Vision" Spectacles of mine will actually make a blind man see—of course, I don't mean one blind from birth, but blind on account of age.—

—These latest "Perfect Vision" Spectacles of mine will enable you to shoot the smallest bird off the tallest treetops, plough in the field and drive on the brightest, hottest, sunniest days without any danger of your getting cataracts, chronic sore eyes, or granulated lids.—

—These latest "Perfect Vision" Spectacles of mine will enable you to read the very finest print in your bible, and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting just as well as you ever did in your younger days, and at one and the same time they will also be protecting and preserving your eyes and be keeping them from getting weaker while doing it.—

And I therefore want you and every other spectacle-wearer in your county (all my old customers also) to get a handsome ROLLED GOLD pair of these very remarkable and latest "Perfect Vision" Spectacles of mine without a single solitary cent of cost; and as a favor—not an obligation, mind you—I will kindly ask you to

Just Do Me A Good Turn

by showing them around to your neighbors and friends and speak a good word for them whenever you have the opportunity.

If you want to do me this favor write me your name and address at once and I will immediately mail you my Free Home Eye Tester and latest ROLLED GOLD Spectacle offer. Address:—

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Note—The above is the Largest Mail Order Spectacle House in the World and Perfectly Reliable

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$15 PER ACRE and up; easy payments. Productive soil, mild climate, fine water, good roads, close markets, unsurpassed school and social advantages. Write for beautiful illustrated Quarterly, other attractive literature and cheap excursion rates. P. H. LaBaume, Ag'l Agt., Norfolk & Western Railway, Box 2054, Roanoke, Va.

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34 Cents a Day will buy a 10 Acre Farm in Eastern North Carolina.

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A North Dakota Wolf Killer.

Bismarck Tribune.

In crossing the Big Pembina on his way to Walhalla the other day Hans Bratlie, of Osnabrock, had a chance to put in a few new stunts in the way of hunting. A big timber wolf crossed the road just ahead of his team and in trying to jump the fence next the road got caught and tangled up in the barbed wire.

Bratlie had no gun, so it was a case of go for the beast with nature's weapons, which he did, and in trying to get the toe hold he managed to get a good grip on the wolf's tail. The wolf then made a few hurried circles around Mr. Bratlie's head and landed head first kerplunk in the sleighbox, dead as a door nail, and Hans continued on his way to Walhalla after filling and lighting his corncob.

Arkansas Boy's Animal Farm.

Imboden cor. St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Lawrence county has a number of industries, but the most unique is that of capturing and raising animals for their fur and hides. The occupation is followed by a boy, Crockett Gibson, who lives on a farm four miles south of Imboden and who has been well paid for his labor.

During the summer and fall Gibson spends his leisure capturing opossums, raccoons and foxes, which are placed in woven wire pens. He feeds and cares for the animals and their young until winter sets in, at which time the animals, being fat and sleek are killed.

The hides usually bring a much higher price upon the market than those of animals caught wild in the woods.

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Send your name and address and we will send you 12 Beautiful Oriental Rings to sell at 10 cents each. All the rage in New York. When sold return us $1.20 and get these four Solid Gold Last Rings Free, also our 30-page premium catalog listing 100 premiums and how to get them. SCHNEIDER & CO., 787 Orient St., Palmyra, Pa.

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Elk Invade Washington Farms.

Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The heavy snows in the Olympic Mountains are driving herds of elk down to this section and they are growing fat on the hay and straw belonging to ranchers. Farmers are generally taking the invasion philosophically and several of them have gone to the length of putting out fodder for the half starved animals.

It is unlawful to kill elk in this state until 1915. In the meanwhile the elk may roam at will on the farmers' land. Many of the ranchers figure that by feeding and harboring the elk they may stay on their farms until after the closed season ends in 1915. Elk are more plentiful in the mountain regions than generally supposed and are said to be increasing.

MAY HASTEN INCOME TAX

Washington, April 7.—Practical shape has been given to the proposal to pass an income tax bill at this session, without waiting for ratification of the pending income tax constitutional amendment by the necessary number of states by introduction in the house of a bill to impose what is practically an income tax. Representative Hull, of Tennessee, of the ways and means committee, is the author of the bill, which is based on thes upreme court decision upholding the corporation tax law, and imposes a tax of 1 per cent. on every person's net income over $5,000 a year. The measure may be regarded as an excise tax rather than an income tax.

Although the ways and means committee has not acted on the bill, it is understood that it has the approval of a majority of the committee, informally expressed.

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BLADE PATTERNS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, O.

5760—Boys' Russian Suit—In this garment we have one of the plainer styles of the popular Russian suit. The coat or blouse opens at the left side, in front, and the neck is finished round without any collar. Sleeves are of moderate fullness and end in a group of small tucks at the wrist. Linen, pique and gingham are generally used for these suits. The pattern 3760 is cut in sizes 2, 4, and 6 years. Medium size requires 3 yards of 27-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5188—Ladies'Dress.—This pretty dress is suitable for either street or home wear. It may be developed in fine serge in striped design, in cheviot, satin, linen or pongee silk and trimmed with a contrasting color. The skirt is a six-gore model and is attached to the waist. The line of closing is at the left side, in front, for both waist and skirt. The pattern (5188) is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches, bust measure. Medium size requires 6¾ yards of 44-inch material, with five-eighths of a yard of 24-inch silk to trim as shown. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

4091—A One Piece Corset Cover—This model is intended primarily for flouncing which makes it prettily and also with little labor. The only sewing is in the underarm seams and the waist finish and the garment can be made in an hour. If this corset cover is made of plain materials longcloth, cambric, lawn, crossbar and the like are suitable and edges will need a ruffle of lace or embroidery. The pattern 4091 is cut in sizes 32 to 48 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 1¾ yards of 17-inch flouncing, 1⅜ yard of edging, 1¼ yards of beading and 3¾ yards of ribbon. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5130—Child's One-Piece Apron—An apron which may be made in an hour is shown in this design. It is suitable for gingham, calico, cambric or other simple wash fabric. If desired it may be worn as a dress and made of linen, poplin, cashmere or other material. The pattern 5130 is cut in sizes 2 to 10 years. Medium size requires 1½ yards of 27-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this pape.

4725—Girls' Dress—This pretty dress has the long French body with the sailor effect at the neck. The closing is double breasted, the skirt a kilt, attached to the lower edge of the long waist. Serge, cheviot, duck, galatea, linen, gingham, and other wash fabrics are appropriate for this style. The pattern 4725 is cut in sizes 4 to 12 years. Medium size requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5150—Child's Dress—There is not pretlier style for a very little girl than the tucked yoke and in this design the effect is obtained by tucking the material across the shoulders in front and back. Among white goods, cambric, batiste, lawn and the like are suitable and also gingham, lawn, organdie and other colored materials for older children. The pattern 5150 is cut in sizes ½ to 5 years. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 27-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

4047—Ladies' Shirt Waist.—This waist is in the strictly plain tailored style and is a favorite model for fine flannel, linen, challis, pongee and for many of the other figured wash materials. The neck is finished with a band and a plain collar or a fancy stock may be worn with it or some of the new lawn and lace sailor effects. The pattern 4047 is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 3¼ yards of 27-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

4695—Ladies' House Dress.—This simple gown may be developed in such woolens as cashmere, serge, challis and other plain fabrics or in linen, gingham and the like if a tub dress is desired. Both waist and skirt fasten in front and the two are joined together at the belt. Fancy collars of all kinds may be used to finish the neck The pattern 4695 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 6¾ yards of 36-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5236—Ladies' Dressing Sacque—This charming model combines the Empire effect with the peasant cut at the shoulder. The upper part of the bodice and the sleeves are in one and the lower part of the garment is attached about at the line of the bust. A handsome collar finishes the neck. Flannel, cashmere, challis, silk, satin, lawn, and other wash materials are appropriate for this garment. The pattern 5236 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 3¼ yards of 27-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

4842 Child's Rompers—These rompers may be worn with or without underwear, the latter manner being the most usual. Gingham, galatea, kindergarten cloth and the like are suitable materials and cut to advantage. The neck may be cut out a little if desired and the sleeves shortened to elbow length. The pattern 4842 is cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Medium size requires 2⅝ yards of 27-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5172—A Nine Gore Skirt—This skirt is well adapted to narrow materials and will be especially becoming to stout figures as the numerous lines give an impression of slenderness. Satin, silk, pongee, linen, and also wider fabrics such as serge, cheviot and the like may be used for a skirt of this description. The pattern 5172 is cut in size 22 to 34 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 5¼ yards of 36-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5111—Child's Rompers—These Rompers are something of a novelty. The upper part is made in the usual manner, with a seam down the center of front and back, but the trousers portion has the inseam arranged with buttons and buttonholes. Gingham, duck, linen and the like are suitable materials. The pattern 5111 is cut in sizes for 1 year only. To make it requires 2 yards of 27-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

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PATENTS.

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AGENTS wanted to sell our beautiful floral wall mottoes with scripture text. Write for terms. Frank M. Shilling Co., Navarre, Ohio.

FOR SALE—FARMS.

240 Acres, $4,100.
Stock and Tools Included.

Good comfortable home; will bring you a handsome yearly profit; tillable land yielding 500 bushels potatoes to acre, cuts 60 tons hay, besides other crops; spring-watered pasture for 10 cows, 1,500 cords of wood, large apple orchard, only 1¼ miles to depot and village; mail delivered; best of markets for all produce at highest prices; 2-story 17-room house, barn 36x50, tie up 22 cows; 2 other large barns and several outbuildings. If taken now owner will include 2 horses, 7 cows, 3 calves, hog, wagons and all machinery and tools, for only $4,100, part cash, easy terms. For details of this and other farm bargains from $1,000 up, see page 117 Strout's Big Farm Catalogue No. 34. Just out. Copy free. Station 105, E. A. Strout, Union Bank Building, Pittsburg, Pa.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.
I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims.
Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

UNIFORMS

Of every description. Are you looking for a high-grade uniform at reasonable price? Is your band, fire company, lodge, military company in need of uniforms? If you are in need of a uniform of any description write Dept. G for catalogue, samples and prices. State kind wanted. We will save you money.
GEORGE EVANS & CO.,
The Pioneer Uniform House.
132 N. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—To purchase standing timber within 150 miles of Toledo. David Lumber Co., 927 Ohio Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

Advice for the Parson.

Tit-Bits.

They were a simple-looking couple, so thought the minister as he joined them irrevocably in the holy bonds of matrimony; but his suspicions were aroused when, after the ceremony, he observed the bridegroom searching through his pockets and looking a trifle humiliated and confused.

"I am afraid, parson," said the young man at length, "that I ain't got any money like to pay you with."

Then, after a moment of deep thought, he looked up cheerfully.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll tell you how you can fix yer gas meter so it won't register."

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

EMMA ABBOTT

Please tell what you can of the life of Emma Abbott.—K. H. P., Kenwood, Cal.

Emma Abbott (Wetherell), one of the foremost of American dramatic sopranos, was born in Chicago, Ill., December, 1849; and died in Salt Lake City, January 5, 1891. Beginning in Plymouth church choir, Brooklyn, N. Y., she studied abroad with Sangiovanni at Milan, and with Delled Sedie, Wartel and James at Paris. She then joined Mapleson's troupe, made her debut at Convent Garden, London, toured three years in Great Britain, and returning to the United States spent her remaining years here. During her later years she was connected with the Emma Abbott Opera Co. In 1878 she married E. J. Wetherell, of New York.

THE ARTICHOKE

I would like to have you tell me something about the artichoke in the columns of the Question Bureau.—E. P., Eugene, Ore.

There are two species of artichoke, the true, sometimes called the French, and the Jerusalem artichoke. The former is a native of the Mediterranean region, and is a coarse, stout, perennial, thistlelike herb, three to five feet tall, with rather spiny leaves, the lower of which are often three or more feet long, and large terminal heads of blue or white flowers. Both species of the artichoke are of the natural order compositae, the French being the cynnara Cardunculus, and the Jerusalem the Helianthus tuberosus. The former is cultivated for the edible thickened outer scales and "bottoms" (receptacles) of the flower heads, which sometimes exceed four inches in diameter without becoming too old for eating raw as salad, pickled, or cooked like cauliflower. Sometimes the young stems and leaves are blanched like cardoon, with which some botanists consider it to be identical. In Europe many varieties are popular; in America the globe variety is planted almost to the exclusion of others, with the result that this variety has almost become united to the name in popular usage. The cultivation of this species in America is confined almost to the southern states, few gardens in the northern part being supplied with it. Since the plant is rather tender, winter protection must be given where the ground freezes. If planted in rich soil and set four feet apart the plants will yield two or three crops before a new plantation should be made; if allowed to stand longer the yield gradually diminishes. New plantations are made either with seedling or sucker plants. The Jerusalem artichoke is a native of North America. It is a perennial sunflower-like herb, five to twelve feet tall, with rough leaves, four to eight inches long, and many yellow terminal flower heads often from two to three inches in diameter. The edible pear-shaped purplish, red, white, or yellow tubers for which the plant is often cultivated are numerous, seldom more than three inches in diameter, rather watery, but of pleasant flavor, especially when prepared like cauliflower, with a white sauce. Perhaps no vegetable is of easier cultivation. For home use the tubers are generally planted in well-drained soil in some out of the way corner of the garden and allowed to take care of themselves from year to year, the few tubers and pieces of root left after digging sufficing to restock the bed. In field culture the methods are like those practiced with the potato except that the tubers may be left in the ground over winter and dug when needed. They are not injured by frost if in the soil, but if frozen after being dug they spoil quickly. If desired they may be dug and stored in pits like turnips, but with a somewhat lighter covering of straw and earth. The usual yield is from 200 to 500 bushels per acre, but 1,000 bushels are sometimes obtained. When land becomes infested, as it sometimes does, with the plant, pigs, for which the tubers make a valuable food, may be turned loose upon the field. The tubers resemble potatoes in composition, and like them, are used largely in Europe for the manufacture of alcohol.

FOUCAULT'S EXPERIMENT

Please give an explantion of Foucault's pendulum experiment.—L. R., Fillmore, Ill.

Foucault's pendulum experiment is a curious and remarkable method invented by Jean Bernard Leon Foucault of showing the rotation of the earth on its axis, by observing a vibrating pendulum, and his experiment goes under the above name. In this experiment a graduated disk is seen to turn, while a pendulum freely suspended maintained its plane of oscillation. If a heavy ball is suspended by a fine wire and set to vibrate like a pendulum, it may easily be shown, either mathematically or by experiment, that the point of suspension, with the wire and ball, may be rotated round an axis, passing along the length of the wire, without interfering with the vibration. In other words, the pendulum will continue to vibrate in the same place, although the point of suspension be turned around the axis of suspension. It follows immediately from this that if we could suspend a pendulum at the North or South pole and set it vibrating it would continue to swing in the original plane of vibration; and as the earth is turning on its exis, a marked line on the earth's surface would appear to turn underneath the pendulum; or rather, it would seem to an observer, accustomed to feel as if the earth were at rest, that the plane in which the pendulum vibrates turns round relatively to the marked line on the earth's surface. It is easily shown that a similar phenomenon may be observed in any latitude except at the equator; the amount of rotation, however, that the plane of vibration of the pendulum seems to undergo is not so great in low latitudes as in high latitudes, but still in our latitudes rotation takes place to an extent easily observable. The performance of this experiment requires the greatest nicety. The pendulum is suspended on a fine wire, the support of the wire being constructed with great accuracy, so as not to interfere with the vibrations. The motion of the pendulum must be strictly confined to one plane; and, for that reason, in setting it to vibrate, the bob is drawn aside and fastened by a silk thread, and when everything has come perfectly to rest the bob is released by burning the silk thread. During its subsequent motion it is protected from currents of air by glass screens. It need scarcely be remarked, however, that this experiment is nothing more than an illustration. Our knowledge of the rotation of the earth, drawn from astronomical considerations, cannot be strengthened by it. This experiment was first made public in 1851, when it was exhibited by M. Foucault before the Academy of Paris.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

I would like to have you please give me a sketch of the life of Jefferson Davis.—S. E., Belknap, Pa.

Jefferson Davis was born June 3, 1808, in that part of Christian county which now forms Todd county, Kentucky. Soon after his birth his father moved to Mississippi. Davis received an academical education and was sent to Transylvania college, Kentucky, which he left in 1824, having been appointed a cadet to West Point. He graduated from West Point in 1828. Passing to the regular army, he there remained seven years, serving in various wars against the hostile Indians. In 1835 he resigned his commission and, having married a daughter of Zachary Taylor, at that time a colonel in the army, he returned to Mississippi and became a planter. In 1843 he began to take an active part in politics on the Democratic side. In 1845 he was elected to congress, where he bore a conspicuous part in the discussions on the tariff and the Oregon questions on military affairs and particularly on the preparations for war against Mexico. While he was in congress the First regiment of Mississippi volunteers, then enrolled for service in Mexico, elected him as their colonel. He was actively engaged in the storming of Monterey in 1846, and he distinguished himself at Buena Vista. In 1847 his regiment was ordered home—its term of enlistment having expired. On his return he received a commission from President Polk as brigadier general of volunteers, which he declined on a question of the right of the federal executive to appoint officers of militia. In 1847 he was appointed by the governor of Mississippi to fill a vacancy in the United States senate, and at the next session of the legislature he was unanimously elected to fill the term. In 1850 he was re-elected to the senate. There he took a prominent part in the debates on slavery and was very zealous for state rights. In 1853 he was appointed by President Pierce secretary of war, which position he held till the inauguration of Buchanan in 1857. His administration of the war department was marked with ability and energy and was highly popular with the army. On his retirement from that department he re-entered the senate, where he was the recognized leader of the Democrats. For years his name had been spoken as that of the candidate for the presidency, which, however, he failed to gain a nomination for in 1860. On the reassembling of congress in December of that year he was a leading member of the secret caucus, which met in a committee room of the capitol and framed the scheme of revolution, which the south promptly adopted. He was also chairman of the executive committee of three appointed by that caucus to carry out the object of the meeting. Mississippi seceded on the 9th of January, 1861, and on the 21st Mr. Davis left for home. On the 4th of February, 1861, the confederate congress met at Montgomery, organized a provisional government and elected Jefferson Davis president of the confederate states.

JOHN KNOX

Will the Question Bureau please give me a brief biography of John Knox, the reformer?—A. M., Hanford, Wash.

John Knox was born in 1505, and died November 24, 1572. In 1522 he entered Glasgow university, but there are no records of his having graduated. He studied law and acted as a notary at Haddington. In 1544 he became a tutor to several sons of noblemen, and while engaged in this, George Wishart, a Lutheran, found refuge in the houses of the noblemen, where he taught and exercised a powerful influence on Knox. Wishart was later burned for heresy, and Knox took refuge, in 1547, with his pupils, in the castle of St. Andrews; was urged to become a preacher and accepted the call of the congregation there. The same year the castle to which he had fled was captured by the French and Knox was imprisoned in the galleys for two years. For the next few years he preached throughout Europe and was connected with many reform movements. In 1556 he was summoned by the bishops to appear at Edinburgh. He came with such a powerful following that the prosecution was abandoned. The same year te returned to Switzerland, where he published a work against women who were in power in the various courts of Europe. This complicated his dealings with Elizabeth and Mary Stuart. Knox returned to Edinburgh in 1559. The regent Mary had at this time renewed her persecution of the Reformation; a riot occurred at Perth, where Knox was preaching, and the struggle began which ended in the deposition of the regent. The Scottish parliament then abolished Roman Catholicism. At this time Mary of Scotland returned from France to her native country and took up the reins of government. In the struggle between her Catholic sympathies and the Protestantism of her people, Knox had frequent dramatic encounters with her. However, he was mainly occupied with the organization of the Presbyterian church in Scotland.

THE HANGING GARDENS

Please give a description of the hanging gardens of Babylon.—T. S., Fitzgerald, Ga.

The hanging gardens of Babylon are held as one of the wonders of the world. Their construction is variously ascribed to Queen Semiramis and to Nebuchadnezzar. Diodorus and Strabo have given descriptions of them. They are said to have formed a square with an area of nearly four acres, and rose in terraces, supported on masonry arches, to the height of 75 feet. They were irrigated from a reservoir built at the top, in which water was lifted from the Euphrates by a screw. Fountains and banqueting rooms were distributed throughout the numerous terraces; groves and avenues of trees, as well as parterres of flowers, diversified the scene, while the view of the city and neighborhood was extensive and magnificent.

MONROE DOCTRINE

Please tell what the Monroe doctrine is and in what ways it has been applied.—G. G. S., Andrews, Ind.

The term Monroe doctrine has been popularly used for three principles which at different times have governed the policy of the United States toward Latin America. They are (1) the declaration made in 1823 by President Monroe; (2) various theories of our relations to Latin America, which theories, by several presidents and secretaries of state from 1845 to 1885, have been set forth as forms of the Monroe doctrine; (3) the general doctrine that the United States has a "paramount interest" in American affairs, a doctrine rapidly developed since 1890. The doctrine has been applied several times since it was made the basis of action by the government. The first was in 1865, when the Emperor Napoleon III. of France was informed that the United States considered the French troops in Mexico, supporting the Emperor Maximilian, to be repugnant to that doctrine, with an intimation that General Sheridan's army, already in Texas on the Rio Grande, might be used to drive them out. Napoleon yielded, withdrew the French troops, and Maximilian's capture and execution by the Mexicans followed. The other case was when President Cleveland interfered in the dispute between Venezuela and Great Britain.

DEATH VALLEY

Will you plase give a description of Death Valley in the Question Bureau?—M. B., Kadoka, S. D.

Death Valley is a low desert in Ingo county, California, near the Nevada border. The name of this region was given by a surviver of an emigrant party of 30 who, in 1849 or 1850, lost their way there and of whom, after enduring undescribable sufferings, 18 perished in the sands. No other such spot is known. This valley lies oblong from north to south. Its length is about 50 miles; width about 35; surface about 210 feet lower than that of the ocean. The Panamint mountains shut out from it the moist winds of the Pacific. The volcanic ranges surrounding the valley furnish it with borax. The valley is a long gray waste desert, in which are narrow bands of white, made by thin deposits of borax. The Amargosa river flows through part of the valley. It is a sluggish, dead stream, the water of which is rapidly evaporated before it can enter the desert valley very far. At times, in the summer the heat registers 137 degrees F. A sand-storm playing in Death Valley is a wonderful sight. Sand-augers rise like slender stems, reaching up into the burning atmosphere for thousands of feet and terminating in a bushy cloud. They travel here and there and gradually fade from sight. Crows, mangy coyotes, buzzards, horned toads, red-eyed rattlesnakes, mice and mountain rats, besides a few poor jack-rabbits, are seen in the valley.

The only humans who live in the region are a few miners in the Funeral, Calico and Panamint mountains, some roving bands of Piute Indians and a few squaw-men owning cattle and horses.

Death Valley has been crossed many times at certain times of the year. Visitors to the valley should not go earlier than October 15, nor later than April 15; no one should attempt to cross it while a sandstorm is blowing; a gallon of water is needed for each person in a party, and three gallons for each horse.

COUNT TOLSTOI

Will the Question Bureau please give me a short sketch of the life of Count Tolstoi?—B. C., Cameron, W. Va.

Count Lyof Tolstoi was born in 1828 at Yasnaya Polyana, Russia, and died November 19, 1910. His early life was that of all young Russian nobles. In 1851 he went into the army and served in the Caucasus and the Crimea, seeing both the big wars and the little. He retired from active service and gave himself up to literary work in St. Petersburg, where his serfs were set free. He retired to his estates and took part in fitting them for freedom by teaching them personally and through books which he wrote for them.

His real life dated from his association with the peasantry and his efforts to make himself one of them. He permitted his family to keep and benefit by his wealth, but he himself lived with the simplicity that is akin to poverty. His writings all have one object—the good of humanity—and his philosophy is the doctrine of the gospels, chiefly as it is found in the words of Jesus. For his radical views he was excommunicated by the Russian church. He was a prolific writer, having produced many volumes of essays, fiction and other works. His widest known novels are The Kruetzer Sonata, Anna Karenina and The Resurrection. The last was the most recent novel from his pen.

MISCELLANEOUS

A. S. F., Ada, O.—It would take too much space to answer your question.

A. N., Decatur, Mich.—Walter Wellman's home address is 1827 Phelps Place, and his office is in the Hibbs Building, both in Washington, D. C.

E. B., Logan, O.—For the information you want write the Boy Scouts of America, 124 East 28th street, New York City.

E. B. C., Clintwood, Va.—Write to the general land commissioner at Washington, D. C.

C. S., Fort Towson, Okla.—The Nasby letters are out of print.

S. B., Laurel Dale, W. Va.—Maine is between latitude 47 degrees and 28 minutes. Minnesota is between 43 degrees and 30 minutes and 49 degrees.

Health Record of a Pennsylvania Family.

Philadelphia Press.

A remarkable instance of family immunity from death is afforded in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bierman, of Shenandoah, who will shortly celebrate their golden wedding and who have relatives living in this city. Eleven children, seven boys and four girls, were born to them, all of whom are living. Indeed there has not been a death in the immediate family in 48 years.

There are now 13 grandchildren. Mr. Biermann is 73 years old and his wife 69. Longevity seems to be common in the family, for an older brother of Mr. Biermann, a veteran of the civil war, who resides with him, is hale and hearty in his eighties. A sister of Mrs. Biermann, Mrs. W. Schley, of Easton, recently celebrated her golden wedding.

Uses for Potash Salts.

Chicago Tribune.

Potash salts of many kinds were imported into the United States from Germany last year and to the value of $11,000,000. Yet as far as the German supply is concerned, it is said that the present rate of demand upon the great potash beds at Strassfurt the supply ought to last for 600,000 years.

These potash salts are used for many purposes in this country—in gold mining, glassmaking, soapmaking, bleaching, dyeing, in photography and medicine, in the manufacture of explosives and for fertilizers. In recent years there have been attempts to discover potash in paying quantities in the western desert portions of the United States. Quantities of the mineral have been found in rocks and in some dried beds of desert lakes.

Women of South Africa.

Empire Magazine.

The South African woman is generally very highly domesticated; she is not only capable of managing her native servants cleverly, but she is able to cook well, make jam and pickles, look after poultry, attend to the garden and make her own dresses and those of her children.

The social life in South African towns is a strong feature, dancing is a favorite amusement and holiday picnics on river banks are general. Women play tennis, croquet and golf and do a great deal of cycling. Life in South Africa ranges from old established culture and luxury, with every surrounding convenience and taste, to the loneliness of the veldt farm, and to this life and her husband's best interests the English born girl soon adapts herself if she is at all adaptable. She can be healthy, happy and free and usually fairly prosperous, with more money to spend than she would have in a similar position at home.

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A Kentucky Spelling Bee.

Cadiz Record.

Dr. Herbert Cunningham, who was repuated to be one of the best in the bunch at the spelling bee, balked at the first word given out and was sent to his seat when he failed to spell the third word put to him.

Press Arwood could not spell Chicago and John King put an I where the e should have been in bullet. John Lawrence put the l before the e in nickel; Arthur Burnett put a u for w in frown, and Harper Boyd spelled pew pue. Mrs. W. H. Jefferson, who was the best speller for the town side, missed the word cuckoo, while Prentice Thomas, Mrs. Robert Crenshaw and others missed words equally simple.

Fisherman's Profits.

Boston Record.

Some persons claim that there is no money made in the fish industry. Capt. Morris Lubee, of the fishing schooner George H. Lubee, and the crew of that craft beg to differ. In 10 days the crew of this schooner made $2,500.

Four trips were made, three to T wharf, and one to Portland, Me. After the members of the crew, 14 in number, had given their share toward the ship's stores each had $85 left. During the 10 days engaged in fishing the men made $8.50 a day.

Hugging the Baby.

Some years ago a physician wrote a pamphlet entitled Emotional Prodigality, in which he enumerated the ills of mind and body likely to follow the demonstrative affection bestowed on babies, and entertained a calm repression of the mother's love and the father's joy where the infant was concerne ..

The warning of the doctor has been repeated and emphasized, until today, in some homes, it is as bad form to hug or kiss the baby as it is to smash the china. A mother full of the new theory forbids anyone to speak to her baby, much less to play with him. Such a mother explained to a witty friend that she wished her small son to be a "perfect animal." "That is all very well, my dear lady," replied the friends, "but you are at present contriving for him to become a perfect vegetable!"

Somewhere between the over-excitement of an emotional devotion and the over-repression of such pseudo-science there lies the happy middle ground of loving welcome for the newcomers to the world. They will find it cool and silent enough. Let them find it warm and tender at first.

One who watches an Italian mother knows where the great painters found their models for "Madonna and Child." Devotion, repose, comprehension, needing no translation in word or gesture—these one sees in lovely living pictures all over sunny Italy. Perhaps the nervous American mothers may learn from the languorous southern woman. At any rate, declares the Youth's Companion, they must preserve the world-old fashion of hugging the baby!

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- If you spit up mucus or slime.
- If you are subject to biliousness.
- If you are troubled with catarrh.
- If your sleep does not refresh you.
- If you feel weak and all run down.
- If you have palpitation of the heart.
- If you have heartburn and indigestion.
- If you have weak lungs or cough much.
- If you have any rectal trouble or piles.
- If you belch up wind from the stomach.
- If your hands and feet get cold easily.
- If you spit up sour or undigested food.
- If you have foul breath and coated tongue.
- If your bowels are irregular or constipated.
- If you have specks floating before the eyes.
- If you have dizziness or swimming of the head.
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MARCH PREMIUM

The Blade's watch premium for the month of March has been awarded to A. S. Creath, of Greensburg, Ind. Mr. Creath sent in a list of 143 names.

The noisiest man is usually the one who has a flat wheel in his head.

Cheer up, brothers. A western woman opposes war because men are scarce.

As a rule lazy men don't like to go fishing. Baiting the hook looks to much like work.

The new United States senator from New York has six grown daughters and one son to recommend him.

What has become of the dear old-fashioned woman who used to say that a rolling stone gathers no moss?

Wealthy men cannot always do as they please. A judge wouldn't allow Cornelius Vanderbilt to cross his legs in court.

Laura Jean Libbey doesn't believe in young people kissing. And when they get old they won't want to. Is that the theory?

A dollar dinner isn't what it used to be when everything was cheap. A dollar dinner ought to cost at least $1.50 now.

Queen Mary's coronation gown will have a train 18 feet long. Or is it 18 yards? Anyway, there will be no pantaloon effect.

It is probable that the death lists in Mexico will be revised downward when the question of pensions is brought up.

We feel safe in making the prediction that the 1911 housefly will show as much pernicious activity as the 1910 model.

There is some comfort in the thought that Hobson can't declare war against the Japs without the consent of congress.

It may be blind psychic impulse that causes a beautiful woman to marry a homely millionaire, but the neighbors won't believe it.

W. J. Bryan has been in Washington telling the Democrats what to do. If they take his advice it may mean a Republican landslide next year.

When a man pleads guilty and throws himself on the mercy of the court it is a sign that his lawyer can't find a technicality to fit his case.

A Pennsylvania man played the piano for thirty consecutive hours. A feat almost as difficult as that of eating a quail a day for thirty days.

It must flatter Aunt Hetty Green to know that there are two or three hundred women in the country who would like to have her for a mother-in-law.

Here is a joy riding note from the Adams, Ga., Enterprise: "Jim Sprawls has painted his old buggy a bright red. He takes a widow out driving every Sunday.'

The story is told of a disappointed lover who took to his bed and stayed there for forty years. It seems not to have occurred to his friends to set fire to the house.

Iowa suffragists were defeated in the legislature, but they are still in the ring. The poet who wrote that hope springs eternal, etc., probably had the suffragists in mind.

More than two hundred women have written to Hetty Green's three-hundred-pound boy, offering their hand in marriage. This ought to surprise Ned, who used to say that nobody loves a fat man.

Thoughtless individuals often accuse newspapers of printing falsehoods, but here is a little story from a Michigan paper that can't be questioned: "She was left a widow through the death of her husband."

Most of the advice concerning courtship and marriage that finds its way into print is written by old maids or women who didn't find matrimony a grand sweet song. It would be a joy to hear from the happy mothers now and then.

THE CHANCES FOR RECIPROCITY.

The president's message is short, but that it is sweet depends upon the individual point of view of congressman and citizen at large. Very extraordinary developments have grown out of the discussion of the treaty and not the least of these surprising results has been the fear expressed among many farmers that the trade agreement would, in the event of passage, do them irreparable harm.

In the last few weeks this newspaper, and no doubt every other newspaper in the country, has received pamphlets and clippings put out by press bureaus established by the high tariff leagues, certain industrial associations and temporarily formed societies assuming to voice the views of one following or another. Study of this reading matter shows that it is almost entirely devoted to pleading the cause of the farmer, yet, curiously enough, we have received nothing of the sort from agricultural organizations. The point seems to be that the prohibitive tariff and the corporation associations find it best not to say anything about their own worries over the reciprocity treaty, but to have developed, all at once, a strong affection for the agriculturist. That the farmers have been made to feel they will receive harm is patent, but it is no less patent that this feeling has originated for the most part in the councils of the industrial leagues. Thus we have a situation wherein those who have fed upon and fattened upon the farmer, who have gouged him without compunction and exploited him without conscience, are megaphoning a new-found solicitude for the farmer. It is pure hypocricy. It is unadulterated cant. We have reason to believe that most of the farmers have seen through the whole sorry business and are not deceived.

Whatever the fate of the present trade proposal, it is inevitable that the tariff wall between Canada and the United States will be lowered. The time may not be ripe for it now. The tremendous activity of the excessive tariff interests may win. The fright of a part of the farm people, uncalled for as it has been proved, may tell upon members of the house and senate. But the two countries are becoming so closely entwined that the treaty which may fail today will, in the opinion of nearly every student of economics, be an actuality tomorrow.

GETTING AGRICULTURAL FACTS.

The state board of agriculture has called upon the rural assessors to answer a formidable array of questions, among which appear the following:

How many acres of woodland in your township? How many acres of waste and uncultivated land? How many acres formerly used for farming purposes are now worn out and not cultivated? How many farmers in your township spray their fruit trees? What was the loss in dollars during the past year by disease among live stock? How many persons have gone from the township to other states or Canada? How many farmers have moved from the farm to some city or town in last two years? Is it difficult to secure hired help for farmers?

Important as it may be to learn the facts thus sought for, it is to be questioned if any township assessor will be able to furnish more than estimates. A farmer's off-hand reference to a forty-acre field, or a ten-acre woodlot may be a mere designation of habit, meaning that the field once was forty acres and the woods ten. Only to tax assessors do agriculturalists detract from the value of their holdings, but then they depress values too much. In fact, every one of the questions quoted will be answered as the farm people see their interest. What the state board obtains will require a good deal of skewing and shrewd appraising before any general conclusions can be drawn from the township reports.

JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN NAMES.

The Holy Synod of Russia has issued an order, quite Russian in character, forbidding Jews in the country to take what it pronounces Christian names. The order is, of course, but another measure undertaken for the purpose of forcing the Hebrews out of the country and is said, indeed, to have been prompted by the dread of the growing influence of Jews upon public affairs.

The incident has caused the scholars to ask what might be the distinction between the Hebrew and Christian names. They point out that the emperor himself bears a name derived from the Hebrew Nichomachus. Alexander is a Semitic name. Anthony, another favorite with the Russians, is from Antonius, which can be traced to the Palestine. Ivan is no more than a variant of John, which came from the Hebrew Joachanon. It is declared that even Patrick has a Jewish origin.

The Holy Synod is scarcely likely to bother about the original ownership of so-called Christian names. It will assume that Nicholas, Alexander and the rest are pure Russian and enforce its persecutory commands. With reaction in full control of the empire, matters of scholarship will be swept aside by what the Holy Synod considers necessary to make life for the Jews in Russia altogether unbearable.

BEYOND ARBITRATION.

Sir Oliver Lodge, the scientist, has made a microscopic examination of the agitation for universal arbitration. He cites cases which could never be brought before a tribunal of arbitration because the nation most interested, or most involved, would refuse point-blank to submit its case or abide by any decision of the tribunal. These instances are worth mentioning.

Great Britain would not permit intervention of any sort in her treatment of the problem of Home Rule. If France put her fingers once more into the affairs of Egypt war, not arbitration, would be the sequel. The United States, did she feel compelled to force peace in Mexico, would hotly resent any suggestion from abroad that the matter be left to The Hague. Germany entertains an ambition to unite with Austria and gain an outlet to the Mediterranean. If any power were to appeal to Berlin to put the case in the hands of arbitrators any one can guess what would happen. The power would receive swift and unmistakable notice to attend to its own business.

Still universal peace makes headway when the questions which cannot be arbitrated are listed. They constitute the quicksands of international intercourse and even the most heedless and most stupid members of the peace societies can be brought to see that there are limits to endurance of their agitation against racial integrity and national honor and dignity.

WHAT NEW YORK GOT.

It may be somewhat puzzling to the voters of the state of New York to decide whether they have gained more by the election of a United States senator than by the long deadlock over the election. The one assured a full representation at Washington, but the other contributed a continuous representation of the abuse of party power and it was given everyone leisurely to behold it and study it and form a judgment of its value.

The Democratic victory in New York was won with the slogan, "anything to beat Roosevelt." To gain that end an alliance was made between Wall street and Tammny. The New York World, the New York Times and the New York Sun, for years hostile to anything smacking of Tammany hall, suddenly discovered that Boss Murphy wasn't such a bad fellow after all. The self-styled "decent Democracy" sat at the same council with the Democracy which jobbed contracts, protected crime and collected protection fees from brothels. Roosevelt's candidate was defeated. Boss Murphy, now in complete control, demanded his wage and proceeded about the business of collecting it by picking a senator of his choice and ordering his election. At once the press of New York raised a howl, "Decent Democracy" became alternately furious and apoplectic. The thing was an outrage and Murphy unspeakable. The boss of Tammany held out for his price just the same. Nor did he alter his complacent attitude until he had found a second candidate quite as plastic to his hand as the first.

There has been a long period in which the electorate might look into the hearts of the men to whom power has been voted and decide if it were worth while to do "anything to beat Roosevelt."

TAKE A KNOCK.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, the writer of stories to the end of which the patient and persevering readers occasionally arrive, is quoted as saying:

I think if a girl has been educated in Europe she should never go back and marry an American man. I don't think there are as many unhappy international marriages as there are unhappy women who have been educated in Europe and who have had some experience of European men of leisure and culture, and then settled down to marry an American business man.

Poor old American business man! He gets raps from every direction. He is but clay because he prefers of tired evenings listening to light, tinkling music rather than to the thunder and beat and squeak and sail-flapping of Wagnerian composition. He is scolded because the sharp sword of necessity compels him to think of money to the exclusion of art. When he does cease thinking money he is denounced as new-rich, and vulgar and cartooned as a knife-swallower. There is flattering talk of business men's administrations, but business men know in their hearts it is only flattery. There is appeal here, appeal there, for subscriptions and then slurs upon his niggardliness issue from the source of the appeals.

And when the business man, prosperous and moved by love and generosity, sends his daughter abroad for her education, the daughter is advised to despise her dear old dad and the means by which she is given an opportunity to buy a corseted idler of a husband, way up on music, art and the graces pleasing to feminine fancy.

A REAL COMMERCE COMMISSION.

The decisions which the Interstate Commerce Commission publishes and distributes to the public used to make the commission look ridiculous. The matters dealt with seemed trivial, things which a petty magistrate's court ought to handle, not a body of high priced experts and judiciary lights. Solemn opinions were handed down upon disputes involving $17.50 or the delays of a consignment of shoe strings—so disproportionate to the imposing name and the tonnage of salary as to make the thought of the commission absurd.

The amendments to the interstate commerce act by the last congress have at last made the law dealing with railroads adequate and raised the commerce commission to a plane of efficiency, of extraordinary value to the nation. The court was badly in need of strengthening. That task has been performed. The recent decisions of the commission are every way worthy of the air of importance with which congress surrounded it, even though it gave the commission little other business than keeping the air of importance untainted. The settlement of the rate case, the reductions forced upon the Pullman company, the halting of all the disturbing rumors of rate increases to come, have put the commission upon a new footing. It is a real court, not a set of victims upon which lawyers could test their oratory.

Man wants but little here below, but he doesn't want it warmed over.

A YELLOW DOCTOR.

A London physician of some reputation has issued an attack on the laws of hygiene as they are now interpreted. He says that it is wrong for human beings to bathe, since the bathing does not remove germs, but does remove protective covering. He declares the prevailing ideas as to the need of exercise are all wrong and that an abundance of fresh air provides no assurance against pulmonary diseases.

We reprint this bit of vicious nonsense by way of directing the attention of doctors to the fact that their own doorstoops can stand scrubbing with benefit to the doorstoops. Recently the medical profession has been slam-banging the newspapers for premature and what are considered harmful reports upon Dr. Ehrlich's "606" discovery. There is this distinction between the two cases. The newspapers printed the accounts of "606" in good faith, upon information given them by doctors and medical periodicals and with the desire to strengthen the hopes of suffering human beings. The London doctor, following a practice now several years old in England, makes a deliberate appeal to sensationalism, the ethics of his profession forbidding him to advertise in a legitimate manner.

This is, of course, an isolated case and it would be manifestly unfair and unjust to draw any general conclusion from it. We but mildly direct the attention of the doctors to the fact that the newspaper offices, against whom they have been so bitter in the last few weeks, do not contain all the yellowness allowed at large.

ONE OF THE MANY NOW.

The people who now flock to the house of representatives will watch the new speaker for a few moments and then their eyes will go searching for another figure—the slim, slouching gentleman who for many years commanded and led, wheedled and bossed and crushed, laughed and jawed and played the buffoon at that desk where now the Hon. Champ Clark sits like a bishop on a throne.

It is known that Joseph Cannon has never accepted the war made upon him by the insurgents philosophically nor interpreted the Republican defeats of last fall as anything else than the fickleness of voters. Nor can anyone complain of him in this. He could not see. Like the lady so discourteously spoken of in Kipling's poem, he never could know and never could understand. Cannon was the product of one form of American politics, if not considered good in its day at least held in tolerance. The world changed. It acquired a new conscience. The things which were forgivable yesterday were unpardonable today and will be immoral tomorrow. The common expedients, the rewards of benefits performed, the maneuvers for place, the trickeries for mean and unworthy victories, the hidings, dodgings and boastings, came to be known to all the people as they had been known to the few undeceived. The tawdriness and falseness brought their own ruin and Cannon and his coterie stepped down from power—forever, let us pray.

Yet Cannon, withal, is deserving of many white marks. He has been concerned with big matters in his day, and, if given time for his reluctant mind to respond, he is to be found in the course of his career associated with constructive and progressive statesmanship. He was made speaker, not upon his real abilities and his patriotism, but upon the strength of a personality strongly appealing to men. His personality saved him in many crises, but in the end it was a possession causing him to be caricatured and hooted. He is only an ordinary representative who once had tried his power against a President and had won—a figure marked by defeat for the guides to point out and the visitors in the gallery to search for.

THE MULTIPLICATION OF LAWS.

The Indianapolis Star quotes with approval the complaint of a lawyer against the rapid multiplication of laws. One gathers that the objection is not against the laws themselves, but against the trouble they make for the practitioner, the study they require and the changes in procedure. The Star considers that the requirements of the day are not for more laws, but fewer, declaring that legislation as now ordinarily performed is contrary to the doctrine of democracy.

We take it that this is the conventional view, but we believe it one very hastily made. It makes no account of the rapidly changing aspects of society, the rising of new and intricate problems in dealing with which lawmakers are notoriously lagging. It is an assumption that the world does not change. It is a suggestion that in dealing with a thief, for example, the courts can act with perfect justice according to the laws of 50 or a hundred years ago, whereas we know that people are beginning to inquire at the conditions which make a thief and are not entirely willing to have him punished without at least some simple consideration of the conditions. The acts which ten years ago were thought adequate for curbing corporate power will not do at all today. In every community local complications arise calling for special legislation and that business indeed is the most important work of a state legislature.

The laws of the Medes and Persians were spoken of in the day of Daniel as an illustration of immutability. Though they "altereth not," the Medes and Persians did alter. When the law is looked upon as sufficient for all time it means that a people have paused in their path of progress and that soon they will turn back. Though there may be just complaint of the quality of laws, wisdom being as rare in legislative chambers as in the streets of life, it is absurd to object that there are now so many more legislative acts than at any given period in the past. The law is no more than opinion written in a more or less understandable phraseology. As opinion changes, so must the law, or else it ceases to be an efficient and worthy instrument of mankind.

SOCIALISTS AND RESPONSIBILITY

The election of a Socialist ticket in Butte, Mont., is the natural outcome of the propaganda among the miners of the west. Probably with them the most extravagant claims have been made for the theory of Socialism and the most embittered denunciation made of capitalism, so called.

It would doubtless be of advantage if one or more municipalities in every state should have a Socialist administration. That ought to be valuable as a political experiment. There has been too much of assertion without facts to go upon. There has been too much dreaming without the most simple tests of the value of the dreams. So long as Socialists had no representatives performing public service, at least officially, they could concentrate their entire energies in the strategems of attack. It will be another matter altogether for them to take the position of defence. As responsibility is made for them by the voters there will be less of the wild and woolly oratory and more thought as to the habits, the emotions and the passions which rule mankind. The Socialist administration of Milwaukee, which started off with a program as long as one of its campaign speeches, has had to compromise upon a fundamental Socialist tenet—work for everyone. Advocacy of a fine humanitarian idea was no assurance of practice of humanitarianism—not because the will was wanting, but because conditions of life cannot be revolutionized by a mere transfer of political power. Montana is now to learn the wide distinction between a written doctrine and a doctrine put to the test.

A CITY THAT KNOWS ITSELF.

Chicago, in selecting Carter H. Harrison mayor for the fifth time, obtained the kind of executive it desired. It made assurance of gaining the kind of government most suited to its tastes and intelligence.

There can be no doubt of that. Harrison was thoroughly known. No one had forgotten the character of his previous administrations. Everyone recalled the license, the crookedness, the free-and-easy state of vice, when he was mayor before. So Tuesday's election was not a case of mistake in the candidate, no grateful response to promises for reform, no leaping to follow a leader bearing the banner of progressiveness and civilization.

Within our recollection we can recall only one movement for reform which has ever succeeded in Chicago. The city has had many of them—hard fought, earnest, clean, honest, they were and are supported by men of exceptional ability and patriotism. Yet Chicago persistently turns the back upon betterments and that very curiously because the disciples of reform are given a hearing and are led to believe that the voters are for them. When it comes to penciling the ballots, however, it is for the dance-halls and the hold-ups that the city shows its preference. Chicago knows exactly what it wants and votes for it.

EXPERIENCE.

Youth longs for grim-visaged war as the Gypsy yearns for the coming of Spring. Far away, it is action, it is romance, it is life thrilling with dangers, adventures and the soaring impulses of heroism.

A young man who was in the southwest because the climate was easier upon a delicate set of bronchial tubes than that back home in New York, thought it would be perfectly lovely to join the insurrecto army, experience a few battles and then return to the haunts of peace with stories enough to bore his friends for a lifetime. He enlisted, buying an outfit according to advice. The troop he was assigned to saddled up and rode out upon scout duty. This took the warriors back among the dry hills of Chihuahua, some twenty miles from the nearest habitation, three hundred miles from the enemy and nearly as far from the base of supplies. The day's round consisted of listening to the captain's boasting and quarreling about the quality of beans furnished by the commissariat. One morning the gentleman-adventurer woke up to find himself alone. His rifle was gone and so was his mount. The recruit started for the border. By a discreet selection of roads and sleeping places and unusual luck in begging food, he reached the Rio Grande.

"Dear mother," he wrote, "I shall have to stay in Texas a while yet. I think I can make a living tuning pianos."

The martial spirit evaporates like a pool in a summer sun when it meets with experience. The only true soldiers have been those who have fought so long they knew nothing else, could think nothing else, save war. It is to be suspected that most of the Americans with the Mexican rebels wish they were over the line tuning pianos.

THE ALTERED RULE.

Settle the country, develop the resources. This was the old spur. Uncle Sam made it easy as possible for the settlers and scarcely asked anything of the developers for the chance at vast riches he provided them. It was a good rule, we are convinced. There is this country all about us, prosperous and going to be more prosperous, orderly, thinking about doing great things with the wealth and the power wealth has given, a deep-rooted nation, and all because land in new districts was not priced according to land in older places, because enterprise was considered worthy of encouragement and because quick action was held of primary importance.

The rule, like any other, however, was not good for all time. It was an expedient. Uncle Sam has looked over the land left him, the resources still in his possession, and decided he'd make a new rule. He would ask a price in accordance with true values. Whereat a number of gentry who had been gobbling up land, stripping forests and speeding like mad to get swift fortunes out of mines, grew very irritable. They said conservation stood in the way of development, that enterprise was throttled and, worst of all, they were more badly treated than their fathers had been. The trouble with them was that they couldn't see that that which had served once to reach the end of settlement and development was now a bad policy and stood in the way of both. Settlement could proceed more leisurely so that the settler would be safely beyond danger of exploitation. Resources could be utilized so that the next generation and the generations thereafter would have something left them.

Every few weeks we run upon savage attacks against what is termed the exploiters—those who, for example, obtained and sold immense tracts of land in Ohio, the canal diggers who took their pay in square miles, the railroad builders who demanded valley and mountain for their risks in capital. The attacks are foolish. The nation thought it got value received and we believe it did get it. Which doesn't alter the fact that it is best now to change the rule.

LORIMER MUST GO.

The Lorimer case must be reopened. The United States senate, in its own interest, for its own protection, must take note of the new revelations of corruption and pass for a second time upon the right of the senator from Illinois to occupy a seat in the upper house.

Not less important than inquiring further into Lorimer's fitness is the necessity for learning just why the committee of examination failed to call witnesses suggested to it, why it steered around certain testimony, why it felt any compulsion to struggle for votes for Lorimer's whitewashing. The taint of Big Business which the disclosures at Springfield have put upon Lorimer also sprinkle the garments of the committee of investigation and the following it drummed up in the senate.

The country has known our lawmakers to be spoken of as coal senators, as railroad senators, as cotton mill senators. Through the looting of a letter file, the name Standard Oil senator has become indelibly attached to the memory of an Ohioan, long held in public opinion as inviolate. Lorimer, it proves, is a lumber and lard senator and, if the source of all the corruption fund is traced, he may be discovered to be several other kinds of a senator.

Lorimer must go—and if the senate does its full duty perhaps some others.

Many a soiled shirt bosom hides behind a long beard.

Mr. Carnegie is said to be thinking of giving $10,000,000 toward the establishment of a national university at Washington. As an original thinker Mr. Carnegie has always been quite successful.

An Iowa preacher boasts that he can put babies to sleep. But can he keep the grown-ups of the congregation awake?

Sunday School

A NATION'S FINAL HOPE

International Sunday School Lesson for April 16, "Joash, the Boy King, Crowned in Judah." II. Kings 11:1-20.

By William T. Ellis.

When things reach a bad pass, then remember the boys. Many a man in despair over his own life, has taken heart in the hope that his sons would succeed where he had failed. So it is in the extremity of a nation; its best course is not to content itself with a new cabinet or certain new laws; it should look diligently to its boys, that they may essentially improve conditions. That was the way in Judah, as our lesson shows. Affairs had about reached the breaking point; a wicked woman was ruling, and the traditions which the nation held most sacred had been thrown into the ash heap. Then appeared from seclusion the boy, and Judah had another chance.

The most imperial conception that has enriched Great Britain within the present generation is that of General Baden-Powell, who planned the Boy Scout movement, which has already begun to take hold on this side of the water. This is simply an organization for strengthening the manliest and noblest qualities in youth, in a manner that appeals to the juvenile mind. Some persons do not see beyond its quasi-military features; it really is nothing less than a far-sighted scheme of imperial defense. Only by improving the breed of men can the nation be improved, and the time to make men better is to catch them young. Both these propositions are self-evident. Yet there are some statesmen who think battleships and tariff schemes are more important than plans for the betterment of the nation's youth. It is a pity that they could not have had a Boy Scout training when young. The proposition may be seriously advanced that the political procedure on the part of the ancient kingdom of Judah outlined in this lesson, is the wisest program for the nation today.

A Bad Woman's Fell Power.

Like so many tragic stories, this one had its beginning in an unwise marriage. A good king of Judah, from short-sighted motives of policy, had married his son to the daughter of the wicked and idolatrous Jezabel. When her own son died, this merciless and ambitious Athaliah had slain all the heirs to the throne that she could discover. Only the baby Joash was carried off secretly and hidden by the wife of the high priest. He was kept in the chambers of the temple, and all the while that Athaliah was reigning in fancied security and daily committing worse offenses against the God of David and Abraham, there was growing up within the very walls of the despised temple the power that was to bring her to unexpected destruction. Thus is it that wicked men in public life fail to see developing about them the forces destined to lay them low.

David's line still had the slumbering allegiance of all the true-hearted people. The courtiers and the light-headed might be carried away by the new fashions of this cruel Phoenician queen, but the heart of the nation was sound. So one notable Sabbath day, when the conspiracy which those defenders of the nation's integrity, the temple priests, had made all things ready with the necessary military support, the sole surviving member of David's royal line was brought forth and crowned with full and proper ceremonies. The surprised queen raised the cry of "Treason!" but she was the real betrayer of the nation and nobody rallied to her support. Think of the horror of having lived such a life that in an extremity there is no one willing to stand by, even to the uttermost. So Athaliah perished,

"hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt."

The Modern Joash.

God never leaves himself without a Joash, and usually there is a good woman to fix the right stamp upon his early character. For every Athaliah that blights society there are scores of inconspicuous Jehoshebas, who are engaged in the commonplace work of caring for children. No queen on a throne is half so important as the mothers in the homes. One bright woman, who has turned aside from a "career" to the making of a home, has in her nursery the motto, "No work pays like mother work." When we recount our national blessings, let us put high the mothers and teachers who are preserving for us the rulers of tomorrow. And if there ever becomes discernible in the national life a tendency to shirk motherhood and child-training, let all our ablest pens and voices be dedicated to the preservation of this our greatest wealth.

Those persons who never look beyond the day's news may not have noticed the coincidence between the fact that this western world has during the past few years been under a real revival of patriotism and civic righteousness and the other fact that for twenty years past the young people's societies of North America have diligently been inculcating in the hearts of millions of young people these very ideals. What has become of the enormous output of Christian Endeavor during the past quarter of a century? Those who have had opportunity to observe have seen it in the thick of the fight for good government, and loftier public ideals. It does look as if a good king Joash—if one may so personify a spirit or trend—has come to the throne in our day. Let us remember the agencies that have made him ready.

Where the King Was Crowned.

There is a great truth for the times in the fact that Joash was kept and crowned in the temple. For more than six months past I have been ranging over Europe and Asia, studying nations, and the drift of human life, and I am ready to testify that the supreme factor today in the affairs of governments is the religious life of the people. Writing as I am, in the midst of the wastes of Mesopotamia, I cannot escape the conviction that this desolation mirrors Asiam. The ignorant fatalism which says, "In 'sh Alla,"—God wills it—when it ought to be up and doing, has made a desert of what was once the Garden of Eden. The more alert Turks themselves perceive this truth which the western world needs to learn, emphasize afresh, that it is religion which makes the supreme difference between the East and the West. A few days ago a man called at my tent, outside the wall of the most inaccessible city in Turkey, attracted by the American flag flying over it, and told me that he was a naturalized American, recently returned to his native city for a sojourn. He was born on this spot, and his family still lived there, yet because he was a Christian American he was no more like the people of the city than a total stranger. His Christianity had sent him to America, where the great change was wrought, and then it sent him back to serve the land of his nativity.

While some persons, eager to be liberal and abreast of the spirit of the times, are for eliminating religion from all public instruction, and for barring the book which made the nation from the schools, the wiser patriots, with deeper insight, perceive that King Joash must be trained and crowned in the temple, and they would give added stress to the religious nurture of the child. This is one explanation of the increased vogue of the Sunday school. It has also set some parents to thinking about the importance of the family altar, and habits of church-going for their children.

Crowning the New King.

That was real statesmanship which the party of Joash practiced in effecting their coup by crowning the new king. They might have got up a rebellion against Athaliah, and had fighting and bloodshed and confused issues. But they knew that the best way to drive out the bad is to crowd in the good; that the wicked and usurping queen could best be dethroned by the enthronement of him whose right it was a rule. Here is a hint for the parents who are forever saying "don't" to children; try the better way and crown Joash.

There is a noble man in New England, whose name may be seen attached to fine work in the best magazines, who has a passion for helping boys. Much, if not most, of his time, out of the hours at his desk, is given to organizing and inspiring boys. Despite the unsually good work he has done in the big world, it is quite likely that his greatest achievement in life is what he has done in the way of character-making for a host of boys. Is there not a hint here for many a man who wants a career? What better one is possible, even from the standpoint of patriotism alone, than this one of training Joashes? The Boy Scouts and the Junior Brotherhoods depend for their success upon competent men leaders. And, absolutely and beyond any question, the future of the nation depends upon how its kings are now being trained.

Varieties

Melbourne, Australia, has only four electric light signs.

Lake Huron contains more islands than any other known lake.

Harvard has the greatest list of graduates of the colleges of this country.

Ability to read and write is now a suffrage requirement in Portugal.

Two-thirds of the world's oil production was contributed by the United States.

New York city keeps two million persons busy supplying its inhabitants with food.

Manufacturers in the United States exported 104,883,838 pounds of printing paper last year.

Experiments with the sugar beet are under way on 260 farms in the United Kingdom.

It is said that all the hat racks of the New York hotels are owned by the "tipping trust."

The tallest and shortest people of Europe, the Norwegians and the Lapps, live side by side.

There were 35,807 patents issued by the patent office at Washington last year and 22,768 expired.

A form of vaccination against smallpox has been practiced by the Chinese since ancient times.

Cypress water tanks have been known to defy decay for more than a quarter of a century.

Maine newspapers report that farmers in the Pine Tree state are reviving the use of oxen.

Four totally different birds in as many countries are known by the name of "robin redbreast."

In London 900,000 persons are living more than two in a room.

The Netherlands government has decided to protect foreign patents on payment of a small fee.

So rich is Argentine tobacco in nicotine that most of it is used for the manufacture of insecticides.

The Pensylvania Railroad Co. is one of the largest holders of real estate in the city of New York.

A single New York office building contains more than seven hundred and fifty miles of telephone wire.

The governor-general of Netherlands, India, estimate the next crop of Java coffee at 4,133,000 pounds.

A plant for the manufacture of bricks from lava is being erected at Honolulu by a San Francisco man.

In the Mexican city of Vera Cruz there is not a single store where ready made clothing may be purchased.

A wealthy Yonkers (N. Y.) man has just married his housekeeper because she made such capital apple pies.

A telegraph wire strung through the country will last about four times as long as one passing through the city.

Liverpool has impounded a river and built a 75 mile aqueduct to improve the municipal water supply.

It has been estimated that during the present year the automobiles of this country will aggregate 1,000,000,000 miles.

Princeton has 1,442 students, and yet it ranks only 51st among the colleges of this country in number of students.

"Breakfast trains" to accommodate late sleeping suburbanites are being tried by some of the railroads entering London.

All Spaniards are great smokers. The most popular article used is the package of 25 cigarettes sold at 8 cents.

Senora Diaz is the second wife of the president of Mexico, and married him after he passed his 52nd birthday.

Mrs. Rose Terry, of Klamath, Ore., is said to be the only woman in the country in active management of an electric lighting plant.

Germany's rare stamps are being reprinted from the old plates, but the new edition has not the approval of stamp collectors.

The Japanese have opened hundreds of shops in the open ports of China for the sale of hardware, cheap perfumery, cosmetics, etc.

What is known as the city of London proper has an area of a little more than a square mile, while the county has 117 square miles.

The cottonwood tree is rich with gas and experiments are being conducted with the view of extracting it and burning it from a holder.

The killed and injured by accidents in London streets number nearly ten thousand a year. Of these two hundred are killed on the spot.

At the crowning of George V. in Westminster abbey, this coming June, Field Marshal Lord Kitchener is to be in command of the troops.

The Emperor Augustus robbed February of a day, and put it on to August, so that the month named after him should not be lacking in dignity.

Egypt at the present time is the most promising country in the whole of northern Africa. It has progressed excellently under English administration.

Aeroplanes and balloons were exported last year from the United Kingdom to the value of $274,000. Very few have been exported from the United States.

The Japanese manufacture much of their paper from millet stalks. Manchuria furnishes about 245,000 tons of pulp a year.

Plans for new schoolhouses to cost half a million dollars have been made up by the department of public instruction in Hawaii for action by the legislature at Honolulu.

On account of its great strength drawn glass is being used for many purposes. It withstands sudden changes of temperature, resists fire to a great extent and is very strong.

Acoma, an Indian village of the southwest, is said to be the oldest settlement in this country. It was referred to by the Spanish 30 years before St. Augustine was founded.

Willie, age 5, having been told that a baby sister had just arrived from heaven, marched into the room and said: "Now, young lady, tell us all about heaven before you forget it."

Instead of destroying the oyster to see if it contains a pearl, it is suggested that X-rays might be used and if nothing were discovered the oyster might be put back into the sea to continue growing.

For selling three salmon caught by rod and line at Thurso during the close season, Messrs. Grant and May, fish salesmen, Billingsgate market, London, were fined $60 and costs at the Mansion house.

Fraulein Pauline Werner is the leader of a movement in Germany to require all girls to do compulsory domestic service for a term of years, just as the young men have to do compulsory military service.

$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today ---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, find out what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, STOP-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

MEN CURED ABSOLUTELY FREE

I am a physician known in every State of the Union, and a specialist in

DISEASES OF MEN

for over forty years. I have been consulted by over 200,000 victims of habits that weaken and destroy mind and body. I want all such sufferers to receive the benefit of my great experience and knowledge. I will send those who request it my book, giving invaluable advice and information, fully describing how this terribly destructive habit can be prevented, stopped and cured without costing the patient a single dollar.

Every statement in my book can be confirmed by reference to the text books, writings and teachings of all the most celebrated medical authors and professors everywhere. My book contains information that may be worth thousands of dollars and save you years of suffering and misery. It should be in the hands of every parent and teacher, and men of all ages. Mailed in plain, sealed wrapper free of charge. Address Dr. Newton, 145 West Forty-fifth Street, Desk 10, New York City.

FITS

EPILEPSY or Falling Sickness.

Why despair, if others have failed; send at once for a treatise and **Free Bottle** of my infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a lifelong study, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O address. **W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.**

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of Your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 35 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Grass Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safe. It relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 6 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. **DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.**

FITS CURED NO CURE NO PAY—In other words you do not pay our small professional fee until cured and satisfied. **German American Institute, 981 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.**

FREE TO YOU--MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU and Every Sister Suffering From Woman's Ailments

I am a woman. I know woman's sufferings. I have found a cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, **my home treatment** with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. **Men can not** understand women's sufferings. What we women know **from experience**, we know better than any doctor. **I know that my home treatment** is a safe and sure cure for **Leucorrhoea or Whitish Discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles caused by weakness peculiar to our sex.**

I want to send you a **complete ten days' treatment entirely free** to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home easily, quickly, and surely. Remember that it **will cost you nothing** to give the treatment a complete trial; it will cost you only about 12 cts. a week, or less than 2 cts a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. **Just send me your name and address**, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—**"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER"** with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, **and learn to think for herself.** Then when the doctor **says** —"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures **all, old or young.** To **Mothers of Daughters**, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectively cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this **Home Treatment** really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. **Just send your address**, and the free ten days' treatment is yours; also the **book.** Write today, you may not see this offer again. **Address MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 8. South Bend, Ind., U. S. A.**

Rupture Cured Without Operation

No Hospital or Doctors' Bills; No Loss of Time from Work, and Not a Single Penny to Pay If You Don't Get Better.

No longer any need to drag through life in the clutches of rupture.

No operation, no big expense to stand in any way. And not a single cent's worth of risk.

Think of that!—you who have spent dollar after dollar without finding a thing that has done any good. You who have been afraid that some day you'd have to risk the dangers of operation—you who dread the surgeon's knife because you know it results in permanent weakness or death about as often as in recovery.

* * * * * *

In the last 24 years more ruptured people have been cured **without** operation than by all the operations ever performed.

Cured without being in bed a single day—without losing a single hour from work.

Cured by the wonder-working Cluthe Truss (Cluthe Mechanical Massager)—something so remarkably beneficial that in 99 cases out of every 100 relief is immediate, and in most cases cure begins at once. For this is far more than a truss—far more than merely a device for holding the rupture in place.

Try It at Our Risk.

We have so much faith in the Cluthe Truss that we are willing to let you prove, by trying it at our risk, just what it will do for you.

If it fails to hold your rupture securely in place, when working and at all other times—if it doesn't do you a world of good—then it won't cost you a single cent. All guaranteed in writing.

Cure Takes Place While You Work.

A Cluthe Truss—right from the first day—will put an end to all danger of your rupture coming out.

And, in addition—while you go on working, remember—it soon overcomes the **weak** ness which is the real cause of rupture—

Does it by **massaging** the weak ruptured parts—All entirely **automatically.**

And this stimulating massage **strengthens** just as **exercise** strengthens a weak **arm**—in most cases soon makes the ruptured parts so strong that no sign of the rupture is left.

That is how the Cluthe Truss has cured some of the worst cases of rupture on record—cured many of them after everything else, including operation, had proved utterly useless.

Free Book Tells All About It

So that you can judge for yourself, we want to send you—free—our cloth-bound book of advice.

It sums up all we have learned in 40 years of day-after-day experience. It deals with rupture in all its forms and stages; explains the dangers of operations; put you on guard against throwing money away.

And it tells all about the Cluthe Truss—how little it costs—how it ends all expense—how it is water-proof—how it has no springs, band, belt or elastic around your waist, no leg-straps, nothing to pinch, chafe, squeeze or bind. And how you can try a Cluthe Truss entirely at **our** risk.

Book sent in plain, sealed envelope! Write for it today—don't put it off—don't try to make up your mind one way or the other about the Cluthe Truss until you see, as told in this book, how thousands as badly ruptured as you, have been restored to full strength and usefulness.

Just use the coupon, or simply say in a letter or postal: "Send me your book." In writing us, please give our box number as below.

RELIEF COUPON

Box 14 Cluthe Institute

125 East 23d St., New York City.

Send me your Free Book on The Cure of Rupture.

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

FACING A NEW SYSTEM

Committees Are Not Yet Named in Organization of House and Senate.

Washington, April 10.—After three days of idleness, both branches of congress resumed work today. There was some expectation that before the day was over House Minority Leader Mann might be able to submit, in part, his selections for the standing committees probably including mileages and accounts, ways and means, appropriations and rules. If these lists were not ready, the session of the house was expected to be brief.

Two speeches on timely subjects figured in the schedule of the senate today. Notice was given last week by Senator Rayner, of Maryland, that he would discuss the situation in Mexico, including the attitude of Japan and the application of the Monroe doctrine to conditions on the border.

Senator Young, of Iowa, gave notice of an intention to expound the Des Moines commission plan of government and commend it to other cities.

When Senator Martin, the new minority leader of the senate, names his committee of committees, both the Democrats and Republicans will begin the work of reorganization.

70 Senate Committees.

There are now about 70 senate committees, the chairmanships of which, with the exception of about 10, are held by Republicans. As the Republican membership has dwindled to 50, the Democrats are asking that 10 additional chairmanships be given to them. Some of the Republicans prefer that the number of committees be reduced, but while the question has not been considered officially, the indications are that the request of the Democrats will be granted.

Before any important business is taken up by the house this week the Democrats will hold another caucus and pass upon the tariff proposals to be submitted by Chairman Underwood, of the ways and means committee. The caucus will take up the legislative program tentatively agreed upon by the Democratic leaders and will determine what public measures are to be considered first and what tariff revision will be attempted.

One of the busiest bodies in congress is the Democratic committee which is apportioning the appointive positions in the house among the state delegations.

Still Has Old Employes.

At present the house is running with the old Republican employes. The committee spent three days last week in finding out how many jobs there are to be filled and how they can fairly distribute them among the delegations.

Chairman Lloyd expects to have the employe lists ready this week. It is understood that the scheme of apportioning patronage among the members who do not have committee chairmanships will give to each member appointments worth about $1,500 annually. This does not include the payroll of $178,000 that comes under the chairmen of the committees or the $70,000 that is the prerogative of the speaker.

TOBACCO MADE CENTENNARIAN

Always Went to Bed With a Chew —And Swallowed It.

Hazleton, Pa., April 8.—Ransom Young, who celebrated his 100th birthday last November, died today in Butler Valley. He voted for 19 presidents, and it is related that he never went to bed without a chew of tobacco in his mouth and that he always swallowed it. Physicians say that the tobacco was a stimulant, and served to prolong his life. He was a farmer.

Forty-ninth Anniversary of Andrews Raid Recalls Stirring Incidents of Civil War

Findlay, April 8.—Out of a band of 22 men, selected for their bravery and known in Civil War history as the "Andrews Raiders," but five are living to celebrate the forty-ninth anniversary of the event which brought them renown last Wednesday. Because some of these survivors are infirm, because of their advanced age, no reunion of the survivors was held.

They are William Besninger, 71, residing at McComb, in this county; W. J. Knight, 74, Stryker; W. W. Brown, 73, East Toledo; D. A. Dorsey, 77, Lincoln, Neb., and John R. Porter, 72, residing in Illinois.

The 22 men were all picked from the Second, Twenty-first and Thirty-third Ohio regiments, all being organized in this part of the state. These men, in disguise, went into the heart of the Southern Confederacy April 22, 1862, and captured the locomotive "General," from a passenger train on the Atlanta railroad at Big Shanty, Ga., while the trainmen were taking their breakfast. The purpose of the capture was to come north, burn the bridges behind them and thereby cut off the Confederate army from its base of supplies and the retreat of the army from Northern Alabama, in making escape from the Federal army under General O. M. Mitchell.

The captors were pursued closely by Conductor W. A. Fuller, Engineer Jeff Cain and Master Mechanic Anthony Murphy and others, until for want of fuel they were compelled to abandon the "General," near Chattanooga, and flee to the mountains. Within a week every member of the fleeing band was captured and placed in the dungeon of an old negro jail at Chattanooga.

Eight Are Executed.

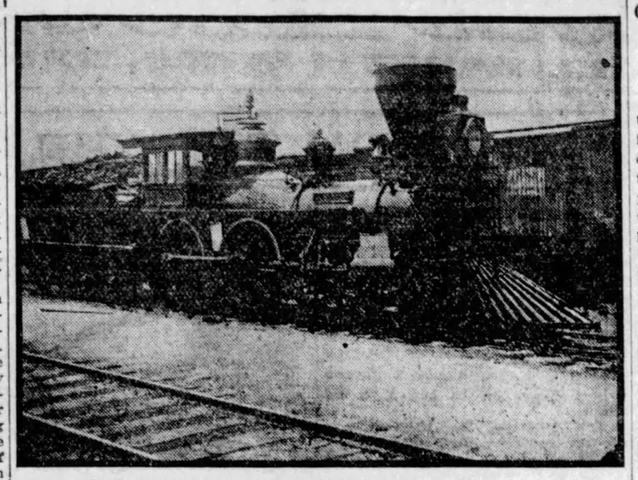
Andrews, the leader, was tried and sentenced to be executed. Two weeks later 12 of the prisoners were taken to Knoxville, to be court-martialed as spies. On June 7 all the men left at Chattanooga were transferred to an old jail in Atlanta, Ga., and Andrews was executed upon their arrival there. Four days later the 12 prisoners were brought from Knoxville. Seven had been court-martialed, but they had no intimation of the result. Within less than a week after their arrival the seven men, without an hour's warning, were taken out and executed.

Eight Make Escape.

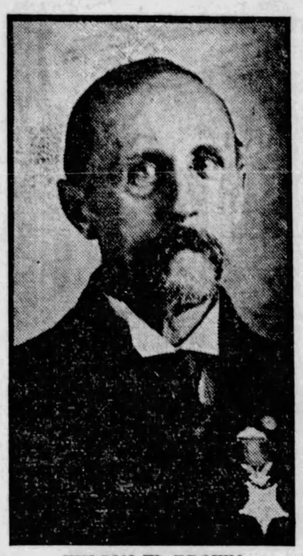
The 14 men left in the jail determined to make their escape or die in the effort, and accordingly on October 16, 1862, made a break for liberty by overpowering the sheriff and guards. Eight of the number reached the union lines at various points a month later. They afterwards rejoined their command, went through the Atlanta campaign, went with Sherman to the sea and on to Goldsboro, N. C., where they mustered out March 31, 1865.

The six men who failed to make their escape were not executed for the reason that President Lincoln, when he learned of their situation, notified Jeff Davis and the Confederates at Richmond, that if they took the lives of those men he would have two of their prisoners pay the penalty for each of those executed. They were kept in various rebel prisons until May 17, 1864, when they were regularly exchanged and sent to Washington.

A monument to the memory of the eight members of this famous band who were executed, has been erected in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga. On the base of the monument are the names of the raiders. A model of the old engine, "General," surmounts the base. The memorial was erected by a vote of the Ohio legislature, which appropriated $5,000 for the purpose. The historic old engine is now permanently located in the Chattanooga depot.



LOCOMOTIVE GENERAL, STOLEN BY RAIDERS.



WILSON W. BROWN

List of the Raiders.

The men of the party hanged at Atlanta were:

James J. Andrews, Flemingsburg, Ky.; Marion A. Ross, Co. A, Second O. V. I.; George D. Wilson, Co. B, Second O. V. I.; Peter G. Shadrack, Co. K, Second O. V. I.; John M. Scott, Co. F, Twenty-first O. V. I.; Samuel Slavens, Co. E, Thirty-third O. V. I.; Samuel Robertson, Co. G, Thirty-third O. V. I.; William H. Campbell, Sallneville, Ohio.

Those who escaped from Atlanta were: James A. Wilson, Co. C, Twenty-first O. V. I.; Mark Wood, Co. C, Twenty-first O. V. I.; J. R. Porter, Co. C, Twenty-first O. V. I.; W. W. Brown, Co. F, Twenty-first O. V. I.; William Knight, Co. E, Twenty-first O. V. I.; A. A. Dorsey, Co. H, Thirty-third O. V. I.; Martin J. Hawkins, Co. A, Thirty-third O. V. I.; John Wollam, Co. C, Thirty-third O. V. I.

Those exchanged from Libby prison were:

William Pittenger, Co. G, Second O. V. I.; Jacob Parrot, Co. K, Thirty-third O. V. I.; William Reddick, Co. B, Thirty-third O. V. I.; Robert Buffum, Co. H, Twenty-first O. V. I.; William Bensinger, Co. G, Twenty-first O. V. I.; Elisha H. Mason, Co. K, Twenty-first O. V. I.

KILL ME, SHE BEGS

Girl Forces Revolver Into Father's Hands Before Strength Fails

Los Angeles, April 10.—In one of the most amazing tragedies in criminal annals, Miss Eva Bovee, 20 years of age, stood at the bedside of her foster father in a ward at the County hospital late Saturday night and, thrusting a loaded revolver into his hands, compelled him to shoot her, so that she might go to heaven with him.

With a Spartan-like indifference, bordering on fanaticism, the girl noted the effect of each shot and ordered the man to keep shooting until she finally dropped to the floor.

S. L. Dania, 65 years of age, the foster father, is dying from wounds self-inflicted, after shooting his foster daughter, and the hospital authorities state that there is little or no chance for the recovery of the girl.

His Second Shooting.

The shooting of Miss Bovee was the second of the week by Dania. On April 1 he shot and killed his 6-year-old daughter, Ledania. He believed at the time of that shooting that he was about to die from injuries inflicted by George Koerner, with whom he was fighting a pistol duel.

Practically the one friend to call upon Dania in the hospital was Miss Bovee, who posed as his foster daughter, but who is believed to have been tied to him by stronger ties of love. She visited him almost every day and during their conversation urged him to carry out his promise to take her with him when he died.

Saturday morning she bought a revolver and Saturday night visited Dania again at the County hospital. They talked together for some time, the girl arguing with the stricken man and pointing out to him that he was growing weaker and that the time had arrived for him to fufill his promise to take her with him.

Girl Begs to Be Shot Again.

Dania expressed anxiety to be with his little daughter, whom he had killed, and whom he believed to be lonely without him. At this critical moment the girl forced the revolver into his hands and stood up for execution.. Dania fired once, the bullet inflicting a painful but not a fatal injury, striking the girl in the head.

"Shoot again, you didn't hurt me," she cried.

The Bovee girl then crossed her arms on her breast and Dania, moving to a better position, fired two shots rapidly. The second shot broke the girl's wrist, the third struck her in the breast. After the girl fell to the floor Dania turned the revolver upon himself, inflicting a throat wound. A fifth shot went wild.

Following the shooting both Dania and the Bovee girl expressed no remorse and asked to be allowed to die.

MAIL ORDER MARKET

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line). Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than twenty-one lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

HELP WANTED.

LOCAL Representative Wanted. Splendid income assured right man to act as our representative after learning our business thoroughly by mail. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ability, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big-paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. Address E. R. Marden, Pres. The National Co-Operative Real Estate Co., L-508 Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WANTED—Railway mail clerks, city carriers, postoffice clerks, government stenographers and bookkeepers. Thousands of appointments coming. Average salary about $1,100. No "layoffs." Short hours. Annual vacations. Common education sufficient. Political influence not needed. Send your name immediately for schedule showing places of spring examinations. Free coaching. Franklin Institute, Dept. H-32, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE—Earn from $150.00 to $300 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. LUDWIG, 1219 Scarritt Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MALE HELP WANTED.

LEARN to write advertisements. You can positively earn $25 to $100 a week. Ask for prospectus free. Page Davis Co., 13 Page Bldg., Chicago.

AGENTS.

O. K.—We Want Widows, Ladies and Girls needing light, profitable employment, spare time or permanent work, to write us. Our offer will interest you. Something new. Also one man wanted in every town. Particulars free. Fair Mfg. Co., M. 71, Racine, Wis.

EDUCATIONAL.

Greatest Work on Future Life—Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell;" 400 pages; 15 cents. Ludwig Landenberger, Windsor Place, St. Louis, Mo.

TOBACCO HABIT.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED or No Cost—Harmless home treatment of roots and herbs. Sure, pleasant, permanent. Send your name now. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GREAT Wall Paper Offer. By our plan $20 worth of merchandise for $10. Send for free sample books and full particulars. A proposition for consumer or agent. Victor Home Supply Co., Potsdam, N. Y.

LEARN automobile business. We teach you at home. Get $25 weekly job; $10 weekly while learning. Rochester Auto School, Dept. 1423, Rochester, N. Y.

SPORTING GOODS, Books, Cards, Dice, Etc. Catalog Free. D. S. Smythe Co., Newark, Mo.

FREE—"INVESTING FOR PROFIT" MAGAZINE. Send me your name and I will mail you this magazine absolutely FREE. Before you invest a dollar anywhere—get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5 or more per month. Tells you how $1,000 can grow to $22,000—how to judge different classes of investments, the real earning power of your money. This magazine six months free if you write today. H. L. Barber, Publisher, R-407, 28 Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

$5,000 to $10,000 Per Year in the Real Estate Business. I will teach you how and make you my special representative. Send for my Big Free Book. Herbert Hurd, Pres., 849 Dwight Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

PERSONAL.

MARRY Book of descriptions and photos mailed sealed. FREE. The Exchange, Box 829 A. O., Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY wealth and beauty. Marriage directory FREE. Pay when married. New plan. Box 314 B. G., Kansas City, Mo.

LADIES—When delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

MARRY—Many wealthy, both sex, will marry. Wonderful results, best plan free. Confidential, 56, Box 26, Oakland, Cal.

FREE—Future, past, present revealed. Three 2c stamps, birthdate. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 115 Second st., Kewanee, Ill.

This Page Is Read In

A Quarter Million Homes

From Maine to California Every Week.

For the small sum of THREE DOLLARS you can reach all of them with a five-line advertisement, this size:

WANTED—More advertisers to know that TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is a big business getter. Use its columns every issue and get big results. Advertising rates reasonable, circulation guaranteed. Address, Weekly Blade, Toledo, O.

By using the **MAIL ORDER MARKET** of the **TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE**, your announcement will be delivered right into the HOME. Here is a chance to tell the young man of your plan, a new way for him to go into business for himself. The father of the family may be considering the sale of a portion of his land holdings. The old farm may be on the market. A chance to buy, sell or trade would have an interested audience among the readers of the

MAIL ORDER MARKET

A new business can be started in these columns. You won't need a large capital to start with, as there are over a MILLION readers of the Weekly Blade every week. This makes it possible to avoid the expense of salesmen. The **MAIL ORDER MARKET** is your salesmen. Just think, a FIVE-LINE advertisement would cost you only $3.00. The circulation of the WEEKLY BLADE is now OVER 225,000—figuring an average of five to a family, your adv. will be placed before a million readers. A letter to all these people would cost (even if you used 1c postage) $10,000.00. This is how advertising is a paying business.

Fill out the coupon below:

MAIL ORDER MARKET.

Figure 7 words to a line, each line costing 60c. Send cash with order. Address your letter to Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Gentlemen—I enclose copy of an advertisement to measure..... lines, which I desire you to insert in the MAIL ORDER MARKET. I am sending remittance of $..... to cover the cost of same.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State.....

BIG LINER IS FREED

Prinzess Irene Slips Off the Sand Bar.

New York, April 10.—Bearing no visible scars, except a shattered rudder post, the North German Lloyd liner, Prinzess Irene, slipped away from Fire island Sunday afternoon as unexpectedly as she had come in the fog of Thursday morning. After 83 hours of imprisonment in the sand off the Lone Hill life saving station, she cheated the "graveyard of the Atlantic" and was floated with the aid of tugs at 3:05 p. m. At 3:40 she left in tow for Scotland light, practically at the entrance of New York harbor, to anchor for the night.

May Lose His Job.

It has been an iron rule with the North German Lloyd that a captain who loses his ship shall be dismissed from the service. But as the veteran Peterssen of the Prinzess Irene will take his ship back across the Atlantic under her own steam, substantially unscathed, it is the assumption here among those who profess to know, that Peterssen's personal grief will be his chief punishment. He has had a flawless and notable record, heretofore, and in New York steamship circles it is believed that if his explanation of the grounding is considered satisfactory his reprimand will not be severe.

Pulls Herself Free.

Two hours before the water was due to its full height the great ship, which had been stationary for three days, was seen to rock in the swelling tide and 20 minutes later her bow raised slightly. The powerful wrecking tugs Relief and Rescue were pulling valiantly on her stern to both starboard and port, and the Irene's donkey engines were straining at the cables which were caught in Kedge anchors to seaward. At 3:03 the anchor cable began to slacken—the first sign that the big ship would free herself from the sandpit. Another pull and her stern was free in 30 feet of water and at 3:12 the six foot of the ship's red belly which had shown while she stuck in the sand dwindled to a narrow ribbon of red as she slid away into deeper water. She was afloat.

LOST, 1,000,000,000 GERMS

Gotham Seeks Missing Goats Carrying Variety of Diseases.

New York, April 7.—A squad of New York police is out searching for 1,000,000,000 disease germs, lost, strayed or stolen from the research laboratory of the Willard Parker hospital. The germs had been injected in the course of an experiment, into the bodies of four goats.

An hour or two after the goats had been left in the yard they disappeared. The hospital authorities fear they have been captured by neighboring East Side families. The use of their milk for drinking or cooking will be certain to result in a serious epidemic.

One of the goats, according to the police, is loaded with smallpox germs, another is inoculated with diphtheria, a third carries millons of the things that make scarlet fever, while the fourth is loaded with whooping cough.

TWO SPEAKERS IN THE HOUSE

Washington, April 8.—There are two "Mr. Speaker" in the house of representatives now. The title sticks to the former speaker, notwithstanding his retirement. Mr. Cannon and Speaker Clark, who are on excellent terms personally, met in the corridor today.

"Good morning, Mr. Speaker," said Clark.

"Good morning, Mr. Speaker," returned Cannon.

The two walked off apparently discussing speakership problems.

ABE RUEF TEACHES BIBLE CLASS IN SAN QUENTIN

San Quentin, Cal., April 10.—Every evening after dinner finds Abe Ruef, former political dictator of San Francisco, conducting a Bible class in San Quentin prison, which continues until "lights out" time.

The class has grown from his two cellmates until it now numbers about 90. Ruef's ability as a teacher of the Bible has been heralded about the prison with such rapidity that it has achieved an invitation to deliver a series of sermons in thep rison chapel.

Ruef preached his first sermon Sunday morning. He was attentively followed by his fellow convicts.

HOPE FOR DRUG ADDICTS!

Specialist in the Treatment of Drug Habits Volunteers His Services.

Red Bank, April 12.—The above important announcement, which is of timely interest to those addicted to the use of morphine or opium, has just been made by Dr. H. W. Perkins, No. 14 White street, Red Bank, N. J.

While the remedy so successfully used by Dr. Perkins has brought relief to thousands, there are many more thousands who should immediately send for a trial supply, which is being distributed gratuitously. Dr. Perkins states also that he co-operates with physicians in any locality.

PROCLAIM REPUBLIC

People of Town in Malaga Rebel Against Royalists and Attack Barracks.

Madrid, April 10.—An embryo republic has been proclaimed at Canillas de Aceitune in the province of Malaga.

The populace of the town rebelled against the royal authority and attacked the barracks of the civil guard. Several persons were wounded in the fighting that followed.

Reinforcements of troops are being hurried to the scene.

Canillas de Acreituno is a town of about 5,000 inhabitants in the Volaz-Malaga district in the southern part of the province of Malaga. Malaga province borders on the Mediterranean, its capital Malaga being 55 miles northeast of Gibraltar.

King Alfonso had an unpleasant experience in Malaga last January following his arrival in that city from Madrid while en route for Melila, Morocco. Accompanied by Premier Canalejas and two other cabinet ministers, the king arrived at the railway station, where he was acclaimed by a great throng that followed the carriage. He was driven to the palace of the governor general. As he entered the palace doors, there was an explosion in the crowd, and two persons were injured.

An official account of the incident stated that a civilian had dropped "a pistol enclosed in a box."

Many persons believed that an attempt on the life of the monarch had been made.

DEFEAT WOMEN IN BAY STATE

Massachusetts Senate Follows House Killing Equal Suffrage Bill.

Boston, April 11.—A last effort to obtain favorable consideration by the legislature this year on woman suffrage failed in the senate today, only six members voting in favor of such a bill, while there were 31 votes against it. The house defeated a like bill last week.

BANDIT ON BIG FOUR

Lone Robber Holds Up Pasgers in Indiana.

Muncie, Ind., April 6.—Westbound passenger train No. 27 on the Big Four railroad was held up near here by a lone robber at 7:30 o'clock last night and 10 of its passengers robbed of cash amounting to about $200.

The robber wore a mask, which fell off just as he was backing out of the coach in the center of Muncie. He escaped, but the police have a good description.

The train is a fast express, making stops only at county seats and the larger points. It is composed of only one vestibuled coach, drawn at the rear, the remainder being express cars. The bandit, it is believed, boarded the train at Winchester, staying on the steps of the front vestibule.

TAFT SOCIABLE BY WHOLESALE

Will Meet All New Senators at Once at Special Dinner.

Washington, April 10.—President Taft has adopted a unique method of meeting the new members of the senate. Usually a President must wait until a senator comes to the White House, or must send for new members one at a time to consult with them. President Taft has decided to get it all through with at once. He is going to invite every new member of the senate, Republican or Democrat, and their wives, to a dinner at the White House, April 15.

REASONED IT OUT

And Found a Change in Food Put Him Right.

A man does not count as wasted the time he spends in thinking over his business, but he seems loth to give the same sort of careful attention to himself and to his health. And yet his business would be worth little without good health to care for it. A business man tells how he did himself good by carefully thinking over his physical condition, investigating to find out what was needed, and then changing to the right food.

"For some years I had been bothered a great deal after meals. My food seemed to lay like lead in my stomach, producing heaviness and dullness and sometimes positive pain. Of course this rendered me more or less unfit for business, and I made up my mind that something would have to be done.

"Reflection led me to the conclusion that over-eating, filling the stomach with indigestible food, was responsible for many of the ills that human flesh endures, and that I was punishing myself in that way—that was what was making me so dull, heavy and uncomfortable, and unfit for business after meals. I concluded to try Grape-Nuts food to see what it could do for me.

"I have been using it for some months now, and am glad to say that I do not suffer any longer after meals; my food seems to assimilate easily and perfectly, and to do the work for which it was intended.

"I have regained my normal weight, and find that business is a pleasure once more—can take more interest in it, and my mind is clearer and more alert."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

NEW DREADNOUGHT A TERROR

Board Recommends Battleships With 4 Turrets of 3 14-inch Guns.

Washington, April 7.—The general naval board, of which Admiral Dewey is president, has recommended the construction of a battleship which is to be the most powerful in the world.

The proposed battleship is to have these main and distinctive features:

Four turrets, each to contain three of the new type 14-inch guns of the longest range and to fire a shell weighing 1,500 pounds.

It will be possible to fire at one time a broadside of armor-piercing shells of the agregate weight of 18,000 pounds. The armor protection for these turrets is to be 16 inches thick and of a new type of steel. Heretofore the turret armor has been about 14 inches thick. The turrets are to be arranged on the median line; that is, in a straight line from bow to stern.

The hull armour above the water line and for a distance of several feet below is to be 14 inches and of the improved quality of steel.

The highest authorities in the navy department say the experiments with the Texas have had a great deal to do with the designs of the new ship of Admiral Dewey's board. On that martyred battleship 11-inch armor was like piecrust to the 12-inch guns of the battleship New Hampshire.

It has been ascertained the irremediable disaster came to the Texas not only above, but below the water line. For this reason there will be in the new ship an extension of the 14-inch armor plate for a great distance below the water line.

The Red Man's Reserve.

Washington Herald.

"Even among the Five Civilized Tribes there still remain many communities wholly full blood," said Capt. M. N. Lewis of Pensacola, Fla. "These people drift together, following their own ideas of life, speaking their own language and retiring before the whites with the same strange reserve and pride that characterized them in their wild state.

"Although claiming the name of several Christian denominations and following certain beliefs with devoutness, their ways of thinking, their dislike of innovation and their aversion to work have made them withdraw to the mountain districts.

"There is too much certain mystic quality that holds the Indian aloof—a quality that we do not understand, and with which there is little sympathy in our everyday life. He is so much of a philosopher that he looks upon our strenuous life with some contempt, dismissing our effort for personal comfort and material advancement with the remark that the white man is heap of trouble to himself. White people call him lazy because he does not care to exert himself for those things which seem important to whites, and yet to some religious ceremonial or some artistic expression his application is persistent, and the patience of an Indian has passed into a proverb."

A Shoplifter in a Harem Skirt.

Paris Journal.

Mlle. Louise Chauvel, who dwells in the Avenue due Maine, must have been ill-advised regarding the harem skirt before she entered a large store department on Tuesday. She evidently forgot that the detectives there, like everybody else, could not but watch her neat and easy steps. They did so to some purpose, for the various articles she slipped into the capacious "bags" she was wearing betrayed her by their bulging.

Mlle. Louise slept last night at the Depot as the consequence, for when arrested her "pockets" were found to contain 37 objects which she is alleged to have obtained without payment.

UXTRY! 'GRESSIONAL RECORD

Heyburn Plans Sensational Sheet of Staid Publication.

Washington, April 10.—"Extra! Extra! Here's your Congressional Record; just out! All about congress. Senator Heyburn's speech."

This is what the newsboys around Herald square will be calling if Senator Heyburn, of Idaho, succeeds in popularizing the Congressional Record, as he would like to do. He has offered a bill in the senate making every postmaster the agent for that sterling publication and setting the price at $1 a year.

Senator Heyburn's bill has been referred to the committee on postoffices and post roads. It is the scheme of the senator to make Senator Bourne, of Oregon, the chairman of that committee, but Senator Bourne is president of the National Progressive Republican league, and the regulars, in mock terror, protest that he may turn the Congressional Record into a progressive "organ."

Dr. Rainey Gives You A $1.00 Bottle of His

Vitality Tablets FREE

The Best Remedy Known for Stomach, Blood, Nerves, Heart, Catarrh, Thinness, Debility, etc.

Dr. Rainey says: "I consider this improved formula my greatest achievement. I believe it will cure more quickly the diseases and weaknesses mentioned below than any medicine I have ever put upon the market heretofore."

STOMACH TROUBLES—Have you Stomach Pain, Belching, Lost Appetite, Bad Taste or Breath, Headache, Heartburn, Bloating, Gas, Spitting of Mucus, Gnawing, Empty Feeling, Lump in Stomach, Food Disagree, Pain Before or After Eating, Coated Tongue, Sore Mouth, Indigestion? Then you need Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets, and at once. They will relieve you quickly and permanently, improve appetite, digestion and general health.

THE BLOOD—Pimples, Blackheads, Sores, Blotches, Pale, Sallow Complexion, Lips Blue, Sores in Blood Poison, Eczema, Malaria, Enlarged Joints or Glands, Chilly, Feverish, Run Down, Debilitated, Weak, Emaciated? You surely need Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets. They restore strength and fibre to the blood, so it will furnish nourishment to the whole body.

THE NERVES—Nervous Debility, Weakness, Jerking, Jumping, Excitable, Tired, Worn Out, Feel Like Falling When Eyes Closed and Feet Together, Restless at Night, Poor Memory, Melancholy, Despondent, Wake Up Unrefreshed, Weak Trembling, Dizzy, Fainting Spells, Hands or Feet Numb, Nervous, Lack Energy, Strength, Ambition? You need Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets. They restore nerve tissue to normal condition, steady the nerves, banish the blues, make you feel full of life, vigor, ambition, and many years younger.

HEART—Weakness, Skipping of Beats, Fluttering, Palpitation, Pain in Left Side, Pains Under Shoulder Blades, Shortness of Breath, Dizzy, Sinking Sensations, Cold Extremities, Swollen Feet, Throbbing or Hammering Sensation, Can't Lie on Right Side or Back, Rheumatism, Asthma! Get Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets.

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Accumulation of Mucus, Watery Discharge from Stomach, Spit up Slime, Nose Runs, Sneeze, Bad Odor, Dull Headaches, Catarrhal Deafness, Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs or Over Entire Body, Slimy Discharge from Bowels? Get Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets at once! They remove the cause.

THINNESS—Under Weight, Hollow Cheeks, Flat Chest, Scrawny Neck, Dyspepsia, Thin Blood? Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets build you up in every way. Guaranteed to make you gain 5 to 25 lbs. Will greatly improve your appearance.

NO SECRET FORMULA—The dates of secret preparations are numbered. I give the formula of my Vitality Tablets on each bottle. Nothing to hide.

DR. RAINEY'S VITALITY TABLETS act directly through the stomach, enriching the blood, building up the nervous system; generate vit

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

The Shenandoah Valley

BY ROCKINGHAM FIELDMAN

Dear Blade—You are an interesting visitor to our home. We like your cheer and wholesome conversation. Hitherto, we have enjoyed your company in silence, but since a request has been made for a description of the Shenandoah valley, and Elizabeth seems quite good-natured toward her contributors, I will venture a little sketch of the noted valley.

The Shenandoah valley lies in the northwestern part of Virginia, and in the extreme northeast corner of West Virginia. It is hemmed in along its entire length between two parallel ranges of mountains, extending in a northeastern course, with the great Blue Ridge on the east, and the Shenandoah mountains—one of the big steps to the Alleghanies—on the west. It averages about 30 miles in width and is about 125 miles in length. It embraces the counties of Frederick, Clark, Page, Shenandoah and Rockingham and portions of Warren and Augusta counties in Virginia and Jefferson and Berkeley counties in West Virginia, where it terminates at the Potomac river.

Is it any wonder then that Uncle John, fresh from the Dakota prairies, on his first visit to the valley some years ago, expressed his surprise at its extent, saying, "I always thought the Valley of Virginia was only a little place, a few miles wide and probably 10 miles in length!"

The surface of the country is generally rolling and hilly. Near the larger water course it heaves up in high ridges and chains of majestic hills. Toward the upper end of the valley, and about one-third of the distance across it from the east side, a range of bald mountains, 20 miles in length, stands sentinel-like, over the dreamy vales. The whole country was once covered with heavy woods.

The hills, as well as the little valleys around them, are fertile and tilled to the summit. The Shenandoah river traverses the whole length of the valley, rising in the mountains in the southwest, then crossing to the eastern side, close to the Blue Ridge, then flowing along that lofty barrier, seeking an outlet for 100 miles, till it unites with the Potomac and helps break the outlet through the Blue Ridge, made famous by the pen of Thomas Jefferson, in his Passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge.

The Shenandoah river is fed by smaller rivers and creeks. These in turn are supplied by still smaller streams, which have their sources in hundreds of perennial springs, gushing clear, cool and sparkling from their secret chambers in the grand old hills, whose summits point silently skyward toward the Fountain of Everlasting Life.

Here in this historic vale, discovered by an English colonial governor, Alexander Spotswood, the lover of the picturesque, the romantic and of Dame Nature herself, may revel in her luxuries to his heart's content. Almost anywhere one can look, the eye is greeted with smiling fields and clumps of woods on hill and in valley. At every turn of the road, and from every little wave of land, the traveler meets some new and pleasing scene.

There is no monotony in the scenery of the Shenandoah valley. The landscape lies in bold outlines for miles around, wherever one goes. The waters of the valley run with a merry laugh, gliding through sunny meadows, beneath whispering willows and hazel, then, leaping and dashing through sharp hollows, emerge again and lead along in races to turn numerous mills, then rush to join the singing river.

The fertile soil fills large barns and farm houses with good things, and the orchards are almost annually painted with pink fruit blossoms. Apples, peaches and cherries are delicious. The skies are beauties. The sunrises are morning glories, and the sunsets are evening sublimities.

The climate is healthful, although it indulges in occasional heights of tropical degrees in summer, and in depths of zero crispiness in winter.

The dwellers in the valley are mostly of German and Irish descent, their fathers having flocked to the country soon after the revolution. They are thrifty and hospitable. Boys of noble blood and heart, and rosy girls of fairest type are numerous. Churches, schools and colleges abound.

The cities of the valley are Winchester in the lower end, and Staunton in the upper, while Harrisonburg, a thriving town, fast approaching city proportions, is nestled in the very heart of the valley. Other thriving towns and villages are strung along her railroads, and dot the country far up in the mountains on the western edge.

Much could be said of the industrial, social and religious life of the valley, but I think my space is taken up, so with good wishes to the Household, it's editor and host of readers, I will exit for the present.—Rockingham Fieldman, citizen of Broadway, Virginia.

We thank you very much for this fine description and glowing picture you have given of your beautiful valley.—Elizabeth.

MORNING THOUGHTS

When I find a thought for the top o' the morning tucked in with the many helpful words that are sent to The Blade from all over the country by our letter writers, it is going to be used where it will do the most good, and that place is under the head Morning Thoughts. Watch for yourselves.—Elizabeth.

SUNDAY

I feel thankful for the blessings we have, and the greatest blessing is health and strength and a contented mind.—Mary Tupper, New York State.

MONDAY

When at first you do not succeed, try again. That is my motto.—Mrs. Minnie Ulam, Michigan.

TUESDAY

My job is housekeeping, and I like it.—Mollie Statyon, Tennessee.

WEDNESDAY

Home, I think, is the place to lay the foundation for future great and good men. Every man, woman, boy and girl carries the home influence wherever they go, let it be good or bad.—Atty Lobb, Texas.

THURSDAY

While I have had to pass through deep waters, God's grace has always been sufficient for me.—Mrs. O. Wogan, Ohio.

FRIDAY

I think if we never said anything bad about other people, how much better this world would seem.—L. E. S., Ohio.

SATURDAY

The object for attending divine service on Sunday ought to be to adore God here on earth, as the angels and saints do, in Heaven; to thank Him for bringing us safely through the week; and to implore His blessing on the coming week. God bless and guide ye all.—Midget, New York.

DEAR NELLIE G.

Dear Nellie G.—In second answer to your inquiry regarding the meaning of the word "knocker," permit me to tell you on behalf of the management, that my friend Sarah Kaufman told me, namely and towit: "I don't believe in knockers; they are friends who misunderstand our motives. Time and patience makes them friends."

She wins the prize. Some day I'll tell you more about my friend, Sarah Kaufman.

It frequently happens that people and things are not so foolish as they may act or look.

FROM THE CHILDREN

A BEAUTIFUL CITY

Dear Blade—I live in the beautiful city of Morgantown, West Virginia. It is situated on the Monongahela river. It is a very old town. It contains about 10,000 inhabitants. The state university is located here. We have also a number of beautiful churches. I attend the M. E. church, which is one of the largest in the state.

Just down the river is thought to be the place of Braddock's defeat, where Washington saved a part of the army by his bravery. Cheat river, also close to the town, is noted for the beautiful scenery.

I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade. Mamma says she has read The Blade since she was a little girl and I can hardly wait till I get it. I hope this will be in print, so I can surprise my grandma when she sees my name in the paper.—Mildred Joy Barker.

The M. E. Church of Morgantown, West Virginia.

EXPECTS TO TEACH

Dear Blade—As I have not seen a letter from Missouri for quite a while, I thought I would write a few lines. My parents have been taking The Blade for about a year and we like it very much. I always read the children's letters first and enjoy them. I live on a large farm in the country, 8 miles from town and go to Braddock school. We live in sight of the schoolhouse. I am in the eighth grade and like to go to school. We have a fine teacher. His name is Mr. William Snow.

I have five sisters and two brothers. I am next to the oldest. My papa owns two farms. One is about three miles from where we live. My oldest sister is a school teacher and I expect to be one some day. I go to Sunday school every Sunday, but today it is snowing one some day. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. I have no long trips to tell about as some of you have, only going to my aunt's, about 18 miles from our house. We have to cross the river in four places and go over hills and rough places. We always stay about three or four days. I enjoy the trip very much. I am 15 years old. As this is my first letter, I will close. I will exchange postcards with any of the children who write to me.—Nellie Craddock, Dent, Missouri.

FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE

Dear Blade—I thought I would enter your page. I live in Bethlehem. I am a little girl 10 years old. I have for pets two cats named Snip and Nigger. I have two sisters, both being older than I am. My grandfather has taken The Blade for over three years and we all like it very much. As this is my first letter to The Blade, I will be glad to get a letter from any reader of the children's letters.—Alice Comery, Bethlehem, New Hampshire.

HE LIKES BOOKS

Dear Blade Readers—I am a boy 9 years old, I go to school and am in the fifth grade. This is my fourth term of school. Besides my school work, I have read the following books this winter: Hawk Eye, Puss in Boots, The Night Before Christmas, Bible Stories, The Great Stone Face, Robinson Crusoe, The Life of Abraham Lincoln and a number of others.

I live on a farm of 137 acres. We do not have it very well stocked yet. We have just two horses, Bonny and Molly; two colts, Prince and Bird. Bird is a great pet, she will be one year old next April. We have six cows, eight calves, also some pigs, chickens, ducks and sheep. Two of the sheep are pets.

I have one brother and one sister. My sister is 10 years old and my brother three years old. Your friend, Ernest Jack, Jackson Center, Pennsylvania.

DUCKS FOR PETS

Dear Blade Readers—I am a girl 10 years old. I have two brothers, their names are Ernest and Raeman. I have no sisters. Raeman is our baby, or the smallest baby we have; he is three years old.

Papa teaches school and he brought us a trio of ducks for pets; and we think they are the nicest pets we ever had. They follow us about the barn when we are doing the work and will eat shelled corn out of our hands. They haven't begun to lay any yet, but I think they soon will.

Ernest and I go to school every day it is fit. We have to walk a mile. George Little is our teacher's name. I have been reading your letters and like them very much. I will close.—Mary Esther Jack, Jackson Center, Pa.

FUN IN THE MILL

Dear Readers of The Blade—I will tell you a little of the country in which I live. There are many hills, but more valleys. In summer it is very warm. There is a nice state road for the people to travel on. In winter it is very cold. The snow is on the ground most of the time. There are a number of woods. There are two rivers right near my home.

I go to school at the town, one mile above my home. I take my dinner and come home at night. My father is a miller. I have great fun in the mill. We have taken The Blade one year. I have no brothers or sisters. I would like to exchange postal cards. This is my first letter and I hope it does not find its way to the waste paper basket. My address is, Elizabeth Morley, Athens, Pennsylvania.

FERN LEAF WRITES

Dear Elizabeth—I like to read the children's letters so well, I thought I would write one myself. I am a girl eight years old. I live on the Alleghany mountains in West Virginia, 3,000 feet above the sea. This is a beautiful country in summer. The nights are always cool and pleasant, and a great many people come here from the cities to spend the summer.

My papa is a school teacher. I went to school to him one winter. My mamma went to school to him one winter, too, before she was married. I have a little sister two years old, her name is Vivian. I have a pet bantam hen. I have three dolls. One is two feet high.—Fern Leaf, West Virginia.

POETS' CORNER

GOIN' BACK

Author Unknown.

I've packed my traps and I'm goin' back
Where the fields are green and broad;
And the colts with their legs all doubled up,
Are rollin' in the sod.
They'll smile, I s'pose, when they see me come,
And some of 'em 'll likely say,
They thought I'd forsaken the farm for good,
The day when I went away.
But let 'em smile—
I'm goin' back,—I'm sick of the noise and fuss
Where a couple of dollars count for more
Than the life of a common cuss.
There's nobody'll notice I've went away—
If you told 'em they wouldn't care,
But somebody's face 'll be full of joy
When she greets her boy back there.

I'm goin' back, for I've had my fill,
I've saw what there is to see;
The city may still be the place for you,
But it's lost its charm for me.
And won't I be lonesome there? you say,
With the people so far apart?
Well, maybe they're few an' far between,
But each of 'em's got a heart.
There ain't no hundreds and thousands there,
To push you around I know,
Not carin' a cent where you're comin' from,
Or where you're tryin to go—
For the one that's jostled day after day,
With never a friend to greet,
There ain't a lonesomer place on earth
Than the city's crowded street.

I'm going back where the dog's asleep
On the step by the kitchen door;
With his nose pushed down between his paws,—
I'm sick of the smoke and roar.
There's money to make where the crowds are thick,
And they're trying to rip things loose,
There's money to get, if you've got the grit,
But darg it! what's the use?
They hustle for dollars all through the day,
And dream of dollars in bed,
And forgive the gougin' a feller may do,
As wong as he gets ahead.
And hustle and bustle and coop themselves
In dark little holes and fret,
And honor a person accordin' to
The money he's managed to get.

I'm goin' back where the poplars stand
In tall rows down the lane;
Where the bob sled's sittin' beside the barn,
Defyin' the sun and rain.
Where the birds are singin' away as though
They were hired to fill the air
With a sweetness nobody ever can know,
Who was never a boy out there.
I'm goin' back where they'll not expect
Me to set in the kitchen when
I'm courtin' the girl I love, because,
I'm workin' for other men.
Where the richest among 'em 'll shake my hand,
Instead of lettin' me see
That they think the money they've got
Must make them a blamed sight better than me.

I'm goin' back an' you'll stay here,
And rush in the same old way;
Goin' to work an' then goin' home—
The same thing day by day.
An' think you're havin' a high old time,
And I'll pity you lookin' back
(From where I whistle across the fields)
At you in the same old track.
I'm goin' back but the crowd won't know,
And they'll still keep rushing on,
They'll never notice that someone's face
Is missing when I am gone.
No, they'll never notice that someone's gone,
If they did they wouldn't care,
But every tree'll be nodding to me
When I turn up the lane back there.

THE SILVERY COLORADO

Author Unknown.

The twilight softly gathers 'round
my home among the hills,
And all nature soon will settle down to rest,
While I sit and sadly ponder and my heart with longing fills,
As I often think of one that I love best.
We were wedded in the Jnue time, and our hearts then knew no pain,
Fair nature seemed to smile on us that day,
Now she sleeps beneath the lilacs, and she'll ne'er come back again
Where the silvery Colorado wends its way.

CHORUS.

There's a sob in every breeze,
And a sigh comes from the trees,
And the meadowlark now croons a sadder lay,
For the sunlight plays no more 'round my cheerless cabin door,
Where the silvery Colorado wends its way.

The silvery snow is gleaming on yon distant mountain side,
Where we often used to wander, Nell and I,
And the birds are gaily singing in the valley far below,
Where I long sometime to lay me down and die.
Then our lives were gay and happy in the shadow of the hills,
My heart beat fondly for her day by day,
And I feel her presence near me as I sit alone tonight,
Where the silvery Colorado wends its way.

'NEATH THE PINE OF VERMONT

Author Unknown.

Among the pines of dear Vermont
you'll find a lonely grave,
A mound that's marked with marble white, he died a hero brave.
He went to war for those he loved, and as he marched away,
With heart so light and armor bright, they heard him proudly say:

CHORUS.

If I should fall on the battlefield, take me back to the scenes of my childhood,
Lay me at rest 'neath the pines I love best, that grow 'round my home in the wildwood;
I love the flag with the Stars and Stripes, and always will bear to the front,
But if, in the fight, I should give up my life, let me sleep 'neath the pines of Vermont.

One day he came back home from war, with honor and with fame,
But with the glory that he'd won, with him a death-wound came,
And as they brought him 'neath the pines, he laid there all in pain,
While stars shone bright, he said good night and murmured once again:

CHORUS.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

By Stephen C. Foster.

The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home;
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay,
The corn top's ripe and the meadows in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By-'n-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door—
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady; oh, weep no more today;
We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For our old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the 'coon
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight.
The time has come when the darkies have to part—
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

The head must bow and the back will have to bend
Wherever the darkies may go;
A few more days and the trouble all will end
In the fields where the sugar cane grow.
A few more days to "tote" the weary load—
No matter, it will never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road—
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

TO TOLEDO

By Herbert Muller Hopkins.

Dear city of the shaded streets, beside the saltless sea,
Catullus sang of Sirmio, and I will sing of thee.
The river front, the ships, the roofs a-shimmer in the sun,
The happy doorstep gossiping when summer days are done!
And then the night, the tropic night, the sudden cooling rain,
The scurry of a thousand feet, the slamming of the pane;
And when the thunder dies away above the gleaming street,
The maples murmur melodies, the stars are shining sweet.

I love thee in the April dawn, when dew is on the ground,
I love the wakening of life, the carnival of sound,
The cable-cars and factories, the heaps of ruddy ore,
The schooners heading for the bay, the long, retreating shore.
The autumn winds, the rain of leaves, the winter's drifting snow—
But best of all, the summer nights when voices murmur low;
And far beyond the balconies and laughter floating faint,
The frog's eternal orchestra begins the old complaint.

Dear city of the shaded streets, beside the saltless sea,
I cannot linger by the door where love began for me,
I can but dream beside the lamp three thousand miles away,
And think I sit again with her at closing of the day.
Again I hear the cooling rain, the scurrying of feet;
The maples murmur melodies, the stars are shining sweet.

TAKE NOTICE

These poems are asked for by one who speaks in public on the stage: Said to the Rose, by Senator John M. Thurston, of Nebraska, and I Wish I Could See You Again. The author of this is unknown.

Be kind enough not to send any poetry to The Blade, other than to answer to requests. It is impossible to print as fast as it is wanted, the poetry for which we are asked.

Be sure to write Household Editor on the envelope of all letters intended for this page. We need to have you else we should not ask it.

This old song is wanted: He came to the place and the mourners were there, with weeping and wailing were rending the air. A veteran gentleman said he learned it in Wisconsin about 50 years ago.

The song to which the following belongs, is requested: Wait till the moonlight falls on the water, then take your sweetheart out for a walk.

This is all for today, except HERE'S HOPING.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

DO YOU SEE IT?

Dear Readers of The Blade—I want to come into your circle and write a few lines. I live in New York state in the town of Pierrepont, at the foot of Beech Plains. It is a lovely place in summer, but not so lovely in winter, when the cold winds sweep across the plains and the snow is drifting and piling up. We have had a very long, cold winter here, commencing on the 28th of October.

I feel thankful for the blessings we have. The greatest blessing is health and strength and a contented mind. I have been a reader of The Blade for three years and have become so attached to it that I would not know what to do without it. I am a great lover of poetry and I always read the Poets' Corner first, then the letters. It is so interesting to hear from all parts of the country. There is so much to be learned. My husband and I live alone. I am 59 years old; he is 71, and a veteran of the civil war. My only son is a soldier in the regular army and is now stationed at Fort Sheridan, Illinois.

Do any of the sisters know how to make a good cake without milk or eggs? Here is my way:

Take one cup of sugar and one tablespoonful of lard or butter. Work well together. Add one cup of apple sauce, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one tablespoonful of hot water. Stir into the apple sauce. Mix all together, add half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, a little salt and three cups of flour. Bake in a hot oven. It is fine.

If I do not see many letters from New York state, and if I write much longer I shall not see this, but if I do not see it in print, I shall write again. Goodby, love to all.—Mary Tupper, New York State.

SHE WILL NOT "NEB" IN

Dear Friends of the Cozy Corner—Will you allow an old grandmother to join your circle for a few moments? The weather has become so much warmer that I do not need my coat on, or to stick my feet in the baker. I am 66 years old and very small, so I can just stand in the corner and listen. I promise not to "neb" in one bit. I cannot recall how long we have taken The Blade, but long enough to realize that we do not want to be without it. I always read the Household page first, and often the spirit moves me to say something, but until today I have kept quiet. I am glad that Mary Cassidy found time to minister to the dagos. My husband is partial to the Irish, and I always read Mary Cassidy and Ann Donovan to him, and, Elizabeth, he enjoys your Pointers very much. When I think that some of them are just suited to him, he invariably reads them to me.

Mazie, very pretty names for twins are Florian and Flossie.

Wishing you all peace and prosperity, I am,—Grandmother of Ohio.

FROM "OL' VIRGINY"

Dear Cozy Corner—It has been raining for nearly 12 hours, and old Copper creek is away out of its banks. Everything out of doors looks drenched with rain, but it is warm and cozy in the house. I am writing my first letter to The Blade. I am the mother of three children, two girls and one boy. We live on a farm. My husband is a carpenter and blacksmith by trade, but he always tends to his crops. In winter weather he works in his shop. I like to read letters on the care of children. I think to be kind but firm with them is the best plan. Our little girl is 7 years old. She has never gone to school more than a week in her life. She studies her books at home and can read and write very well. I think when anyone lives a good way from school it is much better to teach the children at home while they are so young. In most cases they will learn more mischief than anything else at school.

There is nothing I enjoy more than a stroll across the fields and into the woods with the children, as they go kicking dry leaves with their feet. When spring begins to appear it is so pleasant in the woods to see the green leaves peeping through to the bright sunshine and to breathe the fresh air and the perfume of the wild flowers.

Happy Girl from Old Virginia, I, too, live in that dear old state. I wish you could reach over and shake hands with me. I was born and raised near where we live now. My parents are both living and live on the farm joining ours. Nothing pleases the children more than for their grandpa or grandma to come over. I am 24 years of age, and I have black hair and eyes.

For fear I shall stay too long for my first visit, I will step out of the way and sign the name my mother used to call me.—"Ped," Virginia.

IN BEHALF OF THE CHILDREN

Do you mothers, older sisters, fathers, brothers, uncles, aunts or any of the older generation think you are doing right by the children when you write letters to The Blade for them and pretend it is the little ones who have written? You do not deceive me and you are teaching deceit to the children. Do you suppose I think a letter is a true one which begins like this: "I am a little girl only FOUR years old?"

Think it over.—Elizabeth.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Mrs. S. Compton, Friend—Thank you for your letter. I am sorry about your geraniums and know how you feel. I have cherished two spindling ones all winter. Not once have they blossomed, but I am expecting great things of them when I put them out on my balcony.

THIS IS A PEACE PAGE. Here we meet to try to wipe out those things which should not be, not with war, but the strongest force there is—PEACE.

THIS IS A PEACE PAGE.—Elizabeth.

From one of our friends is this: "The Cozy Corner I find to be a field of honest hearts, expressed as dictated by life's daily association.—Mrs. V. L. H., West Virginia." I think that will look good to you, brothers and sisters of the Cozy.

Dear People—I thank you for your good wishes, for the Easter cards, for the help you are to The Blade and to me—I thank you for everything. I am thankful you are living.—Elizabeth.

Signing your real name to your letters is a courtesy practiced by all well regulated people. Real names will not be published if you say no.

Thank you, Mary Hayden.

Somewhere on the envelope of all letters sent to this page, write Household Editor, and by so doing, help to keep things straight at this end of the line.

Mrs. Lewis L. Osmon—I thank you for the beautiful post card and for the information it brought.

HOME REMEDIES

Here are a few home remedies sent to us by a friend of us all, who sends them "for the benefit of humanity."

For catarrh—Fill a pint cup half full of vinegar. Heat it until it steams, then inhale it through the nose.

For nose bleed—Snuff alum, finely pulverized. This has stopped it when a doctor failed.

To stop hair falling out and cure baldness—Rub vaseline thoroughly into the scalp two or three times a week for a month. This will not cure baldness where the roots of the hair have become dead. If the spot on the head where there is no hair looks as if it has been polished, this is a sure sign that the hair roots are dead. A most necessary thing to keep the hair in a healthful condition, is to see that the scalp is loose upon the skull. A tight scalp prevents circulation. Nothing can grow without circulation. This is why rubbing the head and working the scalp loose with the fingers is always practiced by those whose business it is to take care of the hair. Keep your scalp loose.

For the kidneys—Eat plenty of beans. Where the kidneys are already affected eat the beans without parboiling. This is a very good remedy where the disease has not reached its last stages.

For the blood—Drink red clover blossom tea. This was recommended by a noted traveling doctor.—Yours for health, E. P., Pennsylvania.

TRIED AND TRUE

From the envelope in which are kept the "tried and true" recipes, so generously contributed by my sister workers for this week, are taken the following:

Ginger Cookies.

One cup of baking molasses. One cup warm water with two teaspoons of soda dissolved in it. Add this to molasses first of all and stir well. Then one cup of lard, one of sugar, one teaspoon each of ginger and cinnamon, one teaspoon of salt, one and one-fourth quarts of flour.

Sugar Cookies.

Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup lard, one cup buttermilk or sour cream, one teaspoon each of salt and soda, a little nutmeg, one quart of flour, or enough to make soft dough. Do not stir after putting in milk till you add some flour, as it is apt to divide.

Corn Bread.

One egg, one cup sugar, one and one-half cups buttermilk, one cup cornmeal, two cups of flour, one-half cup shortening, one teaspoon salt, one of soda sifted in flour.

Suet Pudding.

One cup suet, three of flour, one of sugar, one of sweet milk, one cup of whole or chopped raisins, one-half teaspoon salt, two teaspoons baking powder sifted in the flour. Steam. This is very good.

Dutch Cheese.

One quart of curd, one cup sweet cream, one teaspoon soda, one egg well-beaten, butter the size of an egg, one-half teaspoon sugar, salt to taste.

Scald sour milk hard. Put in bag to drain and squeeze all whey out as much as possible. Then make curd fine. A food chopper is very good for this purpose. Use the fine knife. Mix well and set on back of stove, or, better, put in small pail and set in kettle of hot water. Stir often till all is dissolved, then put in cool place. It will be ready to use in a few hours and will keep two or three days unless you eat it before that time.—Mrs. P. D. Wright, Pennsylvania.

Peach Pudding.

Here is a recipe which reads much like one for a cake, but when it is served with cream and sugar it is a fine pudding and is enough for a family of four.

Drain the peaches. Grease a pudding pan well, side and bottom. Place the peaches in a thick layer in the bottom. Over this pour the following: One-half cup sugar, one-half cup milk and water mixed, one egg, one cup of flour and one teaspoon of baking powder. Bake slowly. Tart apples sliced and vanilla flavoring added are excellent.—Mrs. B., of Jersey.

Home recipes are better than any I can take from books, and we are much obliged to those who send their "favorites" to us. Plain directions, regarding quantities and ways of mixing together, are much appreciated also. What I do not know about cooking is more than some. You have to help me out in the kitchen department.—Elizabeth.

Aunt Sadie's White Soap

Remove lid from a box of concentrated lye; dissolve in a gallon of soft water, then add four and one-half pounds of clean grease and one and one-half gallons more of water. Boil for 2 hours and 10 minutes. Before removing from the stove add one gallon more of water and let come to a boil. Take off to cool, and when hard enough cut into the desired squares. This never fails if concentrated lye is used.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

TRY TO

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

LETTER OF INQUIRY

Dear Friends All—This is to be a letter of inquiry and I most sincerely hope some of you M. G. R.'s will be able to answer my questions. Cannot some of you who live in Kansas write a letter to this page concerning the wheat lands there? When does harvest begin and what do they pay hired hands by the day? Some of the young men from here wish to go to Kansas this spring, and they would like very much to learn something concerning the work there, especially the harvest work.

My second question is: Will some one living in Oklahoma write something about the school laws there? What qualifications does one have to have before they are allowed to teach school, and do they have to attend school in that state before teaching; if so, how long? I would be very much obliged if anyone could answer either of my questions. I would like to correspond with some one living in Kansas or Oklahoma, but have no way of obtaining an address.

"Cherokee Girl," cannot you come to my rescue and help me out? You write such good letters.

I suspect that none of you know me, but I wrote a letter a long time ago, when I was just old enough to be admitted to this circle. Now I am that age, plus four. Best wishes to all.—Ionabelle, Indiana.

Ionabelle—You would better send me your address in case Cherokee Girl or any other should send me a letter to forward to you. The postmark of your home town was badly blurred, in fact the name of the town was not there at all and never had been. This is the case with a great many of the letters which come to The Blade. Imperfect postmarks are sure evidence that postoffice officials are not attending properly to their business; in other words, they are not believing in their jobs. Get busy.—Elizabeth.

A BANNER HEN

Dear M. G. R.'s—Here I come again to see if I cannot have better luck this time. I wrote before, but I guess my letter found Elizabeth's waste basket, if it reached her at all, but I am not to be put off that way.

I live with my grandfather and he takes The Blade. We like it very much. We live in the little town of Osceola. The residents here are nearly all retired farmers.

Yes, Indiana Wabash, I can beat you. We had a hen that laid when she was four months old. You can laugh and say that is a good hen story, but it is true, all the same. I guess I will tell how I look. I have brown hair and dark gray eyes. I am pretty short, as I measure only 5 feet and 1 inch. It is nearly time to do the night work, so I must stop. With kind wishes to all, I am—Joe Aldrich, Pennsylvania.

You show the spirit I like. Your first letter was not printed, but you had confidence enough in me to come again. Thank you.—Elizabeth.

IN FOR FUN

Dear Readers of The Blade—I am a girl, 20 years old, and I am always in for fun. Since I have never seen a letter from this part of Ohio I thought I would write one. I live about nine miles east of Findlay. We have a beautiful country through here. We have a fine park at Findlay. It is called Riverside park.

My father has taken The Blade for five years. I enjoy reading the Household page very much. My letter is beginning to get pretty long so I will close. I hope this will be found in print, as it is my first attempt. If it is printed I will come again. Yours truly—Myrtle Crawford, Alvada, Ohio.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

THIS IS A PEACE PAGE. Here we meet to try to wipe out those things which should not be, not with war, but with the strongest force there is—PEACE.

THIS IS A PEACE PAGE.—Elizabeth.

Keystone Lad—Thank you for your letter, but—look above you. Think it over. Look for yourself in Morning Thoughts, when the next Morning Thoughts come along.

Everybody's Friend—I hope your birthday was a happy one and I hope you may have many happy returns of the day.—Elizabeth.

Merry Ruth, of Florida, sends this message: Frisky Fran, Bert from Missouri, and all the rest of you, I think your letters are just fine."

The courtesy of signing your real names to your letters is a courtesy always practiced by the first families to get up in the morning. Your real name need not be published if you say no.

Another thing you have to do to get under the big tent is to write Household Editor somewhere on the envelope of all letters intended for this page. By so doing, you help to keep things straight at this end of the line.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

Every steamplant, in order to be safe, sane and perfect in operation, must be equipped with a safety-valve. I know a man who is a human safety valve where he is most needed.

There should be nothing on earth more important to a man than his wife and children. There should be nothing on earth more important to a woman than her husband and children. There is too much running after strange Gods. Sometimes what we think is our strength is our weakness.

There is more than one kind of thief. The thieves of peace-of-mind are a miserable order, because they cannot be arrested and jailed.

If you have an ugly feeling, don't express it in words. Write it down, read it over until it sinks in how unlovely it is—then get the writing off the earth. A red hot fire is a good destroyer.

When you find out that in reality you do not know it all, that is a sure sign you are beginning to be wise.

Well, here's hoping some more.

IT IS UP TO YOU

It is up to you to look your best, to be your best, to wear the best you can afford, every moment of your life, whenever it is possible.

It is especially up to you to look your best and be your best among those with whom you live or work. In too many cases, these bests are reserved for company occasions. Company and company occasions do not stand one inch high in comparison with HOME FOLKS. Those with whom you live, those with whom you work, count more than any other.

This is meant for men as well as for women. Men have no more right to be blots on the landscape than women have. The moral of this tale is:

DON'T BE A SLOUCH.—Elizabeth.

CHANGE IN WOMAN'S LIFE

Made Safe by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—Mrs. Chas. Barclay, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing woman's ills such as inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free and always helpful.

Rubber Roofing

Warranted For Twenty-Five Years. —FREIGHT PAID— To Any Station East of Rocky Mountains.

ONE-PLY .... Weighs 35 lbs., 108 Square Feet, $1.10 per roll.
TWO-PLY .... Weighs 45 lbs., 108 Square Feet, $1.30 per roll.
THREE-PLY .. Weighs 55 lbs., 108 Square Feet, $1.50 per roll.

TERMS CASH: We save you the wholesalers' and retailers' profit. These special prices only hold good for immediate shipment.

Indestructible by Heat, Cold, Sun or Rain.

Write for FREE SAMPLES or order direct from this advertisement. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We refer you to Southern Illinois National Bank.
CENTURY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dept. 364, East St. Louis, Ills.

Great Beauty Discovery

Wonderful Secrets of "Simplex Method" Openly Revealed Show How Any Women May Be Marvelously Beautified.

A new method has apepared which for actual results is so astounding as to almost to defy belief. No woman can or will doubt it when she sees a wonderful transformation taking place in her every feature, cheeks, eyes, complexion, hair, neck, shoulders, bust, arms, hands and the entire form, assuming a beauty she never realized was possible. The Simplex Method, whose secrets I give, are to remove every line and wrinkle in your face in 3 days, make pimples, blackheads, freckles, tan and sunburn disappear like magic, make the eyebrows and lashes grow beautifully long and silky, beautify the eyes, make rosebuds like darling rubies, make the skin flawless as a baby's, give the neck magnificent lines, luxuriously develop the bust, make the hair grow wonderfully, stop it falling out, stop dandruff, remove dark circles under the eyes, remove double chin, remove superfluous hair in 3 minutes forever, develop the whole form to exquisite grace if you are thin, and reduce it if you are too stout.

I cannot help whether you believe it or not. I will prove it to you. Even if your features are but ordinary, they may be beautified beyond your fondest dreams. It will cost you nothing to learn. It will astound you. Look young if you are old, look younger if you are still young. You can do it, easily at home and be a surprise and a wonderful charm to all who know you. Send me your name and address today and I will explain these secrets fully, absolutely free, by return mail. Address Gertrude Voyles, 1118 South Michigan ave., Suite 444, Chicago, Ill.

CATARRH MEDICINE FREE

If your Ears ring or roar, or your hearing is affected, if Eyes ache, water or burn, or sight is failing, if you knock, spit, cough or have bad breath, scabs in Nose, Irritation in Bronchial Tubes, Lungs or Stomach, your name and address will bring to you absolutely free a 30 days' course of medicine prescribed to meet your individual requirements and complications.

We have successfully treated many who have tried various "Catarrh cures" with little or no benefit, and we make you this liberal offer to introduce our splendid treatment in your section.

REMEMBER! Do not send only your symptoms, but name and address, NO MONEY—and without cost you will receive a 30 days' course of medicine prescribed especially for you.

GERMAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 750 GRAND AVE., KANSAS CITY, MO.

$1.00 RHEUMATISM CURED Free Trial to Prove It

No matter how serious your case may be, whether it is Inflammatory, Articular, Sciatic, Neuralgic, Lumbago or Gout, do not delay, but send at once for FREE TRIAL of STEELE'S RHEUMATIC TABLETS—quickly relieves and cures in time as thousands of former sufferers state. They cleanse and enrich the blood, relieve constipation and tone up the system. A large dollar box sent absolutely FREE for you to try in your own home and judge its wonderful merits to cure. Enclose 10c to pay postage and full $1 treatment will be sent you absolutely FREE. Why suffer agonizing pains when you can stop them by simply sending for this FREE $1 box. Address RHEUMATIC TABLET CO., Dept. 3, 458 St. James Pl., Chicago, Ill.

Tobacco Habit Banished

DR. ELDERS' TOBACCO BOON BANISHES all forms of Tobacco Habit in 72 to 120 hours. A positive, quick and permanent relief. Easy to take. No craving for Tobacco after the first dose. One to three boxes for all ordinary cases. We guarantee results in every case or refund money. Send for our free booklet giving full information. Elders' Sanatarium, Dept. 18 St. Joseph, Mo

GOITRE—Pay when cured

I have an honest, certain cure for goitre (thick neck); pay when cured; Tell your friends about this.

Write—Dr. A. F. Rock, Bancroft, Wis.

DON'T CUT OUT VARICOSE VEINS

Put reduce them, stop pain and inflammation with

ABSORBINE JR.

A mild, safe, antiseptic, discutient, resolvent liniment, and a proven remedy for this and similar troubles. Mr. R. C. Kellogg, Decker, Mass., before using this, suffered intensely with painful and inflamed veins, they were swollen, knotted and hard. He writes: "After using one and one-half bottles of ABSORBINE, JR., the veins were reduced, inflammation and pain gone, and I have had no recurrence of the trouble during the past six years." Also removes Goitre, Painful Swellings, Hydrocele, Varicocele, Bruises, "Black and Blue" discolorations, etc., in a pleasant manner. Book ? F free. Price $1.00 a bot. $2.00 13-oz. bottle at druggists or delivered. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 127 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

"Hall of the Thousand Mats."

London Evening Standard.

It will be learned with much regret by those who have visited Nara that the famous "Hall of the Tousand Mats" in that ancient city has been destroyed by fire. The flames spread with great rapidity, and before long the whole place was enveloped in flames, which lighted up the landscape for miles around. Before long the godown (warehouse) in which the temple's valuable relics were stored "for safety against fire" also took fire, and in a short space of time the godown and its contents were totally consumed. By their strenuous efforts, however, the fire brigade saved the main temple—the far famed Hasedera. Nevertheless the damage done by the fire is estimated at £100,000. The Sen-jo-jiki, or "Hall of the Tousand Mats," was formerly the residence of the abbot. One room alone contained 150 mats, while all were handsome with Kasuma by an artist of the Kano school.

TAFT TELLS HIS WANTS

In Communication to Congress He Gives Purpose of Calling Session.

Washington, April 5. — President Taft's message urging the ratification of the reciprocity agreement with Canada was read in both houses of congress today. It was known in advance that the President would confine himself to the subject of reciprocity, and this robbed the message of any unusual interest. It was listened to without applause and referred to the appropriate committees.

The senate session today lasted only 25 minutes. The senate will continue to "mark time" until the house "does something."

The house took up the adoption of its new rules, limiting general debate to four hours, to be equally divided, and granting the privilege of offering only one substitute set of rules.

The insurgents pleaded for the privilege of separate amendments, but were told by the Democratic leaders that their amendments would have to be included in the proposed Republican substitute.

The rules offered by the Democrats and which will be adopted, provide comparatively few changes. They provide for the election of committees instead of their appointment by the speaker, and enlarge the membership of several of the committees. Six old committees are abolished.

The Message.

President Taft's message follows:

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

I transmitted to the Sixty-first congress, on January 26 last, the text of the reciprocity trade agreement which had been negotiated under my direction by secretary of state with representatives of the Dominion of Canada. This agreement was the consummation of earnest efforts, extending over a period of nearly a year, on the part of both governments to effect a trade arrangement, which supplementing as it did the amicable settlement of various questions of a diplomatic and political character that had been reached, would mutually promote commerce and would strengthen the friendly relations now existing.

Economic Agreement.

The agreement in its intent and in the terms was purely economic and commercial. While the general subject was under discussion by the commissioners I felt assured that the sentiment of the people of the United States was such that they would welcome a measure which would result in the increase of trade on both sides of the boundary line; would open up the reserve productive resources of Canada to the great mass of our own consumers on advantageous conditions and at the same time offer a broader outlet for the excess products of our farms and many of our industries. Details regarding a negotiation of this kind necessary could not be made public while the conferences were pending. When, however, the full text of the agreement, accompanying correspondence and data explaining both its purpose and its scope became known to the people through the message transmitted to congress, it was immediately apparent that the ripened fruits of the careful labors of the commissioners met with widespread approval.

National in Scope.

This approval has been strengthened by further consideration of the terms of the agreement in all their particulars. The volume of support which has developed shows that its broadly national scope is fully appreciated and is responsive to the popular will.

The house of representatives of the Sixty-first congress after the full text of the arrangement with all the details in regard to the different provisions had been before it, as they were before the American people, passed a bill confirming the agreement as negotiated and as transmitted to congress. This measure failed of action in the senate.

Has Been Explained.

In my transmitting message of the twenty-sixth of January, I fully set forth the character of the agreement, and emphasized its appropriateness and necessity as a response to the mutual needs of the people of the two countries, as well as its common advantages. I now lay that message, and the reciprocity trade agreement, as part of the present message before the Sixty-second congress, and again invite earnest attention to the considerations therein expressed.

Owes it to the People.

I am constrained in deference to popular sentiment and with a realizing sense of my duty to the great mass of our people whose welfare is involved, to urge upon your consideration early action on this agreement. In concluding the negotiations the representatives of the two countries bound themselves to use their utmost efforts to bring about the tariff changes provided for in the agreement by concurrent legislation at Washington and Ottawa. I have felt it my duty, therefore, not to acquiesce in relegation of action until the opening of congress in December, but to use my constitutional prerogative and convoke the Sixty-second congress in extra session in order that there shall be no break of continuity in considering and acting upon this most important subject.

(Signed) WILLIAM H. TAFT.

The White House, April 5, 1911.

DISCUSS COTTON MANUFACTURE

Boston, April 11.—Many questions relating to cotton manufacture will be discussed at the annual meeting of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers, which will begin a two days' session here tomorrow.

31 STATES ASK ELECTION REFORM

Take Action Favoring Selection of U. S. Senators by Direct Vote.

Washington, April 11.—Herewith is a brief review of the action taken by an overwhelming majority of the states in the union looking to the consummation of a constitutional amendment providing for the direce election of senators during the present congress. —action that imposes upon congress a moral obligation to submit the proposed amendment for ratification.

Two-thirds Are in Line.

It is provided in the constitution that congress shall, upon application of two-thirds of the states, call a convention for proposing amendments. Two-thirds of the states already have expressed the demand through their legislatures for an amendment to the constitution providing for the election of United States senators by popular vote. Thirty-one of the forty-five states, according to the records available here, have adopted resolutions petitioning congress in the matter. Twenty-six of these states have petitioned directly for the calling of a constitutional convention; five have adopted resolutions asking that the proposed amendment be submitted by congress in the manner previous amendments to the constitution have been presnted for ratification. Nearly 40 of the states have evidenced by resolutions as aforesaid or through the enactment of primary laws and in actual practice their favor for the direct election system.

It plainly was the intention of the framers of the great American charter that the people should be granted an opportunity to pass upon amendments to the constitution whenever the sentiment as expressed by the legislatures of two-thirds of the states favored amendment. For years the congress—owing to the "conservatism" of the senate—has been blocking action on this particular amendment.

Fear the Convention.

One reason why congress—which for practical purposes in this instance may be called the senate—is likely to act favorably without much further delay, is that it is realized a little more procrastination will bring the technical demand for a constitutional convention from the few states still necessary to complete the two-thirds. Very few present members of congress want a constitutional convention. There is no telling to what limit such a convention would go in view of the radical tendency of the time if called merely for the specific purpose of proposing an amendment affecting the election of senators. Some of the most earnest supporters of the direct election idea do not desire the greater agitation for the adoption of certain "isms" which would ensue if a constitutional convention were to be held now for the first time since the original document was framed. Those not strong supporters do not want a constitutional convention either, and for that reason are becoming inclined to heed the popular demand relative to the most pressing issue.

States which have adopted resolutions asking congress to call a constitutional convention, with the years in which action was taken, are the following:

Arkansas 1901, Colorado 1901, Idaho 1901, Illinois 1903, Indiana 1907, Iowa 1907 and 1909, Kansas 1907, Nebraska 1903, Nevada 1911, New Jersey 1907, North Carolina 1907, Oklahoma 1908, Oregon 1903, Pennsylvania 1901, Kentucky 1902, Louisiana 1907, Michigan 1901, Minnesota 1901, Missouri 1907, Montana 1907, South Dakota 1907, Tennessee 1905, Texas 1901, Utah 1903, Washington 1903, Wisconsin 1907.

In addition to these states the following, through their legislatures, have adopted resolutions asking that congress submit an amendment for direct election of senators in the manner amendments usually are submitted—as the income tax amendment has been submitted and is now before the country for ratification:

Alabama, Ohio,
California, Wyoming,
North Dakota.

Thus, the count will show, there have been 31 states—two-thirds of the sisterhood—that have carried out the spirit of the demand to which the framers of the constitution intended the federal congress should give heed.

The record of public sentiment, as expressed through the states, goes even further, however, than the list of 31 states that formally have petitioned congress. In most of the states aforementioned the idea of popular elections for United States senators has been given practical application without waiting for a constitutional amendment.

Anthony Trollope's Challenge.

Pall Mall Gazette.

The rewards of literature, as Lord Rosebery remarked in the course of his Dickens centenary address, are often inadequate. They might possibly be greater if all publishers displayed the same sporting spirit as the late George Smith.

He tells in his reminiscences how Anthony Trollope, when offered £2.000 for a serial, stood out for another £1,000 and finally suggested a toss for the amount in dispute. "I asked him if he wished to ruin me, and said that if my banker heard of my tossing authors for their copyright he would certainly close my account. We ultimately came to an agreement on my terms, which were sufficiently liberal. But I felt uncomfortable—I felt mean—I had refused a challenge. To relieve my mind I said. 'Now, that is settled, if you will come over the way to my club, where we can have a little room to ourselves for five minutes, I will toss you for £1,000 with pleasure.' Mr. Trollope did not accept the offer."

Don't Wear a Truss

FREE

STUART'S PLAS-TR-PADS are different from the painful truss, being made self adhesive purposely to hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Process of cure is natural, so no further use for trusses. We prove what we say by sending a Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write name on coupon and mail TODAY. Address—

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PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 38, St. Louis, Mo.

Name .....

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Return mail will bring Free trial Plapao.

PAINFUL FINGER NAILS CURED

"I have suffered from the same trouble (painful finger nails) at different periods of my life. The first time of its occurrence, perhaps twenty-five years ago, after trying home remedies without getting helped, I asked my doctor to prescribe for me, but it was not for a year or more that my nails and fingers were well. The inflammation and suppuration began at the base of the finger nail. Sometimes it was so painful that I had to use a poultice to induce suppuration. After the pus was discharged the swelling would go down until the next period of inflammation, possibly not more than a week or two afterwards. These frequent inflammations resulted in the loss of the nail. I had sometimes as many as three fingers in this state at one time. Perhaps ten years later, I began again to suffer from the same trouble. I began to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I did not use the Soap exclusively, but I rubbed the Cuticura Ointment into the base of the nail every night thoroughly, and as often besides as I could. I had not used it but a few weeks before my nails were better. There was no more suppuration, nor inflammation, the nails grew out clean again. One box of Cuticura Ointment was all that I used." (Signed) Mrs. I. J. Horton, Katonah, N. Y., April 18, 1910. On September 21, Mrs. Horton wrote: "I have had no further return of the trouble with my finger nails."

LIPPINCOTT KILLS SELF

Rich Philadelphia Publisher Is Found by Valet Dead by Bullet.

Philadelphia, April 6.—Craig Lippincott, head of the J. B. Lippincott Co., publishers, and one of the most prominent men in financial and social circles in this city, committed suicide early today at his palatial home, 218 West Rittenhouse square, the aristocratic residential section of Philadelphia.

Detectives Tate and Wood, who were immediately assigned to the case, after several hours' investigation reported to Coroner Ford at 12:30 p. m. that without doubt Mr. Lippincott committed suicide. They further reported that they did not know why he took his life.

The following authorized statement by an officer of the J. B. Lippincott Co. was given out this afternoon:

"During a period of temporary aberration Craig Lippincott, president of the J. B. Lippincott Co., shot and killed himself at his residence, 218 West Rittenhouse Square, early this morning. The business of the publishing house will not be affected by Mr. Lippincott's death."

On Bedroom Floor.

The deputy coroner, Charles McKeever, informed the newspaper men that Mr. Lippincott was shot between 7 and 8 o'clock this morning, having been found on the floor of his bedroom by his valet, Oscar Stewart, who went to the apartment to shave him. Mr. Lippincott, who was 65 years old, was of a highly nervous temperament, and always had a fear of finding burglars in the house. From this fact his friends at first deduced that he might have been alarmed by a noise and accidentally killed himself while in a state of nervous excitement.

NO MORE WHISKY ADVERTISING

The Twice-A-Week Republic of St. Louis, Mo., makes the announcement that no more whisky advertising will be printed in its paper, which will be good news to most readers.

The Twice-A-Week Republic is the oldest, biggest and best Semi-Weekly in the United States. The subscription price is 50 cents a year, but for a short time a special rate of three years for $1 will be in force.

They want representatives and solicitors in every community. Write today for sample copies and liberal cash commission offer.

Address the Twice-A-Week Republic, St. Louis, Mo.

BURY MINER DEAD

Scranton Holds 50 Funerals Today and Littleton Recovers 45 Bodies.

Forty-five of the 123 dead have been removed from the mine at Littleton, Alabama, where Saturday an explosion ended the lives of the convict miners in the bowels of the earth.

Fifty funerals were held Monday in Scranton, Pa., near where 73 miners' lives were snuffed out last Friday, when flames swept with death-dealing swiftness through the Pancoast mine.

The president of the company which operated this "modern" mine, pays for the funerals. But in Alabama, where the victims were mostly negro convicts, the state will bury its numbered dead, cast in an unmarked trench. Numbers they bore in life and by number they are called when brought from the fiery pit to which their crimes and the state condemned them

Piles of Corpses Await Rescue.

Banner, Ala., April 10.—Before 11 o'clock this morning 45 bodies had been removed from the Banner mine of the Pratt Consolidated Coal & Iron Co., where Saturday's underground disaster took place and 60 more corpses had been piled up ready for the tram cars to haul to the open air.

Last night's announcement that 128 men were dead or unaccounted for was verified today. Judging by the condition in which the bodies taken out of the seventh left entry were found, it is practically certain that the explosion occurred in that part of the mine. The miners there were killed by the explosion, while those in other parts died from suffocation.

Raise Fund in Scranton.

Scranton, Pa., April 10.—Fifty of Throop's victims of the Pancoast mine disaster were buried today. Sad processions moved through the streets all day long beginning early in the morning. Most of the dead were Catholics, and St. John's Polish church and St. Anthony's Hungarian church were the centers where gathered thousands of mourners while masses were celebrated and the last sad rites said before the bodies were borne to the neighboring cemeteries. Most of the victims belonged to Pancoast "Keg" and accident funds, and to fraternal insurance societies, and these turned out large memberships for the funerals

All funeral expenses, as well as immediate needs of bereaved families, have been ordered provided by President Joseph B. Dickson, of the Pancoast company.

The "Keg" fund is made up of money realized from the sale of miners' empty powder kegs.

Today Mayor Von Bergen, of Scranton, and representative citizens are organizing a relief committee. Ten thousand dollars has already been subscribed, and it is hoped that a fund of $200,000 will be raised. The investigation of the cause of the tragedy and the fixing of responsibility for the loss of 73 lives is being prosecuted vigorously. Today officials charged with the investigation spent much of their time inside the ill-fated mine, making a thorough examination of the workings.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., April 10.—Higher cables caused a temporary advance in wheat at the start today. The market began to ease off early from the effects of dullness previous to the appearance of the government report at 11 o'clock. Chicago time. The advance at Liverpool was brought on by covering in the face of rather bearish statistical news Toledo cash opened ⅝c higher at 88¼c, July ¼c up at 88¼c September ⅝c advanced at 87c, and October ⅝c up at 87½c. Corn followed wheat, May opening ¼c higher at 50c, July ¼c up at 57⅞c, and September ¼c higher at 53c. The early market was firm to a shade higher.

The government estimates had little effect, at least when first given out. Later, the market was advanced sharply on covering by shorts, who apparently feared the holiday tomorrow. Toledo cash closed 1⅛c up at 89c, May 1c higher at 89c, July 1¼c up at 97⅜c, and September ½c advanced at 88c.

Corn opened strong in sympathy with wheat. Cash closed at 50⅜c, May 50⅞c, July 52½c, September 53⅝c.

May and July oats opened ¼c higher at 34c, and September unchanged at 32¾c. No changes were reported up till midday.

Oats finals: Cash, May and July 34½c, September 33⅛c.

Cash clover seed opened steady at $9.00, April unchanged at $8.60, and October and December 2½c up at $7.75. The near futures eased off 5c in the first half hour.

There was some seling of cash and October was depressed by liberal offerings. Receipts were 25 bags, against 360 a year ago. Shipments were 405 compared with 410 a year ago. Cash closed 20c off at $8.80, April 10c down at $8.60, October and December 12½c off at $7.65.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Apr.10.	Close Apr.8.
Wheat—					
Cash	88¾	....	88	89	87⅞
May	88¼	....	88	89	88
July	87	....	86⅞	87⅝	86⅝
Sept.	87½	89⅝	....	88	87½
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	50⅜	49¼
May	50	....	....	50⅝	49⅝
July	51⅞	....	....	52¼	51⅝
Sept.	53	....	....	53⅜	52⅞
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	34½	33⅜
May	34	....	....	34½	33⅜
July	34	....	....	34½	33⅜
Sept.	32¾	....	....	33¼	32⅜
Clover Seed—					
Cash	9.00	....	....	8.80	9.00
April	8.60	....	....	8.50	8.60
Oct.	7.75	....	....	7.65	7.77½
Dec.	7.75	....	....	7.65	7.77½
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	90	90
No. 3	....	....	....	85	85
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	5.50	5.50
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	9.00	9.10

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	87½	88¾	86¾	88¼	87
July	85⅝	86⅝	85¼	86½	85⅝
Sept.	86	86⅝	85¼	86½	85¼
Corn—					
May	49	49⅝	48⅝	49⅝	49⅜
July	50¼	50⅝	49⅝	50½	49⅞
Sept.	51¼	51⅝	51	51½	51
Oats—					
May	31	....	30¾	31⅝	31
July	31	....	30¾	31½	31
Sept.	31	....	30¾	31⅝	31

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	93⅝	....	93⅜	94½	93¾
July	95⅝	....	....	96⅝	93¼

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	85½	86⅜	85⅜	86⅝	85⅝
July	83⅝	....	....	84¼	83¼

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	94⅝	93¼
July	....	....	....	95⅝	94⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	96	94⅝
July	....	....	....	96⅞	95

WINNIPEG.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	90⅞	90⅝
July	....	....	....	92½	91⅝

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
May	14.90	15.07	....	15.00	15.10
July	14.62	14.67	14.62	14.65	14.77
Lard—					
May	7.80	7.82	....	7.75	7.90
July	7.87	7.90	....	7.85	7.97
Sept.	7.95	....	7.87	7.92	8.00
Ribs—					
May	8.35	8.40	8.30	8.37	8.45
July	7.92	7.95	7.90	7.92	8.00
Sept.	7.87	....	7.85	7.87	7.92

Money and Stocks.

New York, April 11.—(Wall Street.) There were few changes from yesterday's closing at the opening of the market today. Lehigh Valley and Missouri Pacific gained half and American Cotton Oil lost as much. Most of the speculative leaders were quoted without change over night.

A break in the prices of fertilizer stocks and other inactive specialities was the only movement of consequence in the first hour American Cotton Oil dropped 2 points, Virginia-Carolina Chemical 1, and the preferred 2¾. National Biscuit lost 1¼ points and United Railways Investment 1½.

Concentrated selling, with but only scattered buying, imparted a weak tone to the market, and prices fell to the lowest level for some days. Heaviness was marked in the standard issues, including United States Steel and Union Pacific. United States Steel broke under 77 on a sale of 2,300 shares, which was more than the total of dealings in this, the first hour. Weakness in the fertilizer issues was ascribed to doubt as to the maintenance of the dividend on American Cotton Oil. St. Paul, Northwestern, Erie first preferred and Amalgamated Copper declined a point below yesterday's closing and some other active bonds even more. Bonds were steady.

A better undertone developed, and there was a slight recovery all around Trading, which had been fairly active while the decline was in progress, relapsed into semi-stagnation. Some very large blocks of New York City new 4½ per cent bonds changed hands at 101⅞ to 102, compared with yesterday's close. At 1 o'clock the market was sagging again, with Union Pacific and Reading ruling a point below yesterday's close.

New York Stocks.

New York, April 11, 1911.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Am. Loco. com.	37	37	37	37
Atchison	108⅜	108⅝	108	108¼
Amal. Copper	62⅝	62½	61¾	61⅞
Am. Smelters	74	74	73⅝	73⅝
Am. Ag. Chem. Com.	57⅝	57⅝	57¼	57½
Am. Tel and Tel.	146	146	145⅝	145⅝
Am. Cotton Oil	58½	58½	56½	57
Am. Beet Sugar	43¾	43¾	43¼	43⅛
Biscuit com.	138	138	136	136½
Balt. and Ohio	105⅝	105⅞	105⅜	105⅝
Blyn. R. Trans.	77⅞	77⅞	77¼	77⅜
Beth Steel com.	35⅞	34	33	33⅝
Chicago G. W.	21	21	21	21
Canadian Pac.	225¼	225½	224⅝	225¼
Clover Leaf pfd.	46⅝	47	45	46½
Colorado Fuel	31	31	31	31
Ches. and Ohio	80½	80⅝	80	80¼
Central Leather	28	28	28	28
Consolidated Gas	144	144¼	143¼	143⅝
Can pfd.	83	83¼	82⅝	83¼
Corn Product com.	14¼	14¼	14¼	14¼
Distillers Sec.	34¼	34¼	33⅞	33⅞
Erie 1 com.	29⅝	30	29⅝	29½
Erie 1st pfd.	47⅝	48	47⅝	48
Erie 2d pfd.	37½	37½	37½	37½
Gt. Northern pfd.	128	128	127½	127½
Gt. Northern Ore.	61⅝	62	61⅝	62
Ill. Central	137½	137½	137½	137½
Int. Harvester com.	117	117	117	117
Interborough com.	18⅝	18⅝	18⅜	18⅜
Interborough pfd.	53⅝	53⅝	53¼	53¼
Louis. & Nash.	144¾	144⅝	144⅜	144⅜
Laclede Gas.	102½	102½	102¼	101¼
Missouri Pacific	47⅝	48	46⅝	47⅛
M. S. M.	147	147	146⅛	146⅜
M. K. & T. com.	22⅝	22⅝	22⅜	22⅜
Nor. Pacific	124⅜	124⅝	123⅝	123⅞
Nevada Cons.	17⅝	17⅝	17⅜	17⅝
Northwestern	144	144	143⅞	143⅞
North Am. Co.	71¼	71¼	70⅝	70⅝
N. Y. Central	106¼	106⅜	105⅝	105⅝
N. & W. com.	107⅛	107⅞	106½	107
N. & W. Con 4s.	107⅜	107⅜	106⅞	107
Ont. & Western.	41½	41½	41¼	41¼
Pr. Steel Car Co. com	32¼	32½	32¼	32¼
Penn. Ry.	125⅝	126	125⅝	125⅝
People's Gas Co.	108⅝	104¼	103⅝	104⅛
Reading com	155½	155½	154¼	154⅝
Rock Island	29	29	28⅝	28
Rock Island pfd	58	58	58	58
So. Steel Spgs	32½	32½	32	32
So. Ry	27¼	27⅜	26⅝	26⅝
So. Ry pfd	63	63	63	63
St. Paul.	120⅝	120⅝	119½	120⅛
Southern Pacific	115¼	115¼	114¾	115
Union Pacific pfd.	94⅝	94⅝	94	94
Un. Pac. Con. 4s.	105	105	105	105
U. S. Steel	77¼	77⅜	76⅝	76⅝
U. S. Steel pfd.	119	119¼	119	119¼
U. S. Steel 5s	105⅝	105⅝	105½	105⅝
U. S. Rubber com	41	41	40⅜	40⅜
Utah Copper	43½	43½	43½	43½
Virginia Chem.	66⅜	66⅝	65⅝	66½
West Md	50	50⅛	50	50⅛
Wabash com	16½	16½	16	16½
Wabash pfd	37	37¼	37	37
Western Union	72⅜	72⅜	72⅛	72⅜

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, April 11.—Hog receipts were light and the market 5@10c lower. Local packers bought the offerings, shippers being entirely out of the market. The close was 5@10c lower. Cattle were marked lower all around.

Hogs—Selected heavies, $6.15@6.25; good mediums, $6.30@6.40; heavy yorkers, $6.70@6.75; light yorkers, $6.75@6.80; good mixed, $6.50@6.65; bulk of sales, $6.25@6.75; good pigs, $6.75@6.80; stags and roughs, $4.50@5.25.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $5.75@6.00; good to choice, $5.50@6.00; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200 lbs., $5.50@5.75; fair to good, 900 to 1,100 lbs., $5.25@5.50; common and light steers, $5.00@5.25; choice fat cows, $4.25@4.50; fair to good cows, $4.00@4.25; common cows, $3.00@3.50; canners and cutters, $2.50@3.00; prime export bulls, $4.50@5.00; good butcher bulls, $4.00@4.50; fair to good bolognas, $4.00@4.25; common, $4.00@4.25; choice fat heifers, $4.75@5.50; fair to good heifers, $4.25@4.75; common and light heifers, $4.00@4.50; good to choice feeding steers, $5.25@5.50; fair to good feeders, $5.00@5.25; stockers, good to choice, $4.25@4.50; stockers, common to fair, $4.00@4.25; milkers and springers, $25@60.

Sheep and Lambs—(Clipped)—Prime wethers, $8.25@8.00; good to choice mixed, $8.00@8.50; fair to good, $3.00@8.25; culls and common, $2.00@3.00; clipped lambs, choice, $5.00@5.25; yearlings, $4.00@4.25; lambs, $4.50@5.00.

Calves—Veals, choice to extra, $7.00@7.50; fair to good, $6.00@6.50; common to light, $5.00@6.00; heavy and pailed, $4.00@5.00.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, April 11.—(By Bower & Bower.)—Hogs—Receipts 25 cars; lower; yorkers and lights, $6.75@6.90; mediums, $6.40; heavies, $6.10. Calves—$7.75. Lambs—$5.25. Cattle—$5.25@6.25.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, April 11.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 8,000; market slow at yesterday's average; beeves, $5.15@6.70; Texas steers, $4.40@5.65; western steers, $4.80@5.75; stockers and feeders, $4.00@5.70; cows and heifers, $2.60@5.50; calves, $5.00@6.75. Hogs, receipts estimated at 14,000; market slow; light, $6.35@6.70; mixed, $6.15@6.55; heavy, $5.85@6.40; rough, $5.85@6.10; good to choice heavy, $6.10@6.40; pigs, $6.25@6.70; bulk of sales, $6.20@6.35. Sheep, receipts estimated at 14,000; market steady; native, $3.00@4.85; western, $3.15@5.00; yearlings, $4.40@5.50; lambs, native, $4.75@6.30; western, $4.75@6.30.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, April 11.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead)—Cattle, two cars; market slow. Hogs, 25 cars; market slow; heavy, $6.30@6.50; yorkers, $6.90; pigs, $6.90@7.00. Sheep, 30 cars; market slow; wool lambs, $6.65; clipped lambs, $5.50@5.65; yearlings, $5.50@5.90; wethers, $5.00@5.10; ewes, $4.50@4.75. Calves, $4.50@8.50.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

U. S. Yards, Pittsburg, Pa., April 11.—(By Pittsburg Live Stock Journal.)—Hogs, receipts light, steady to 10c lower. Heavy, $6.25@6.55; mixed, $6.40@6.50; mediums, $6.65@6.75; yorkers, $6.75@6.80; lights and pigs, $6.90@6.95. Sheep, steady, $4.10 down; top lambs, $5.75. Calves, receipts 1,300; active, 8c.

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Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1 lb. prints, 22c; solid pack, 21c.

Packing Butter—Fine lb., tub, 18@19c; dairy, prime, 18c; packing stock, 12c; oleo, 13@20c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 13½@15c; New York state, 14½c; brick, 15c; limburger, 15@18c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, current receipts, 15½@16c.

Onions—Spanish, 45-lb. crate, $1.40; Bermuda, $2.85; Mexican Bermudas

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POLITICS DESPITE WIFE

Mrs. Johnson Objected to Mayoralty Fight.

Cleveland, April 11.—Tom L. Johnson's family consists of his wife, Mrs. Margaret Johnson, his son Loftin, his daughter, Elizabeth, better known as Bessie; a daughter-in-law and three grandchildren, two being Loftin Johnson's sons and the third Mrs. Mariani's daughter. The family of late years has spent almost as much time in New York as here.

Loftin Johnson makes his home in New York and Mrs. Mariani has a flat there. Mrs. Tom L. Johnson has spent much of her time either with son r daughter in New York.

The Johnson family, when Mr. Johnson temporarily moved to New York, became much attached to the metropolis and it was much against the will of son and daughter that the family returned to Cleveland in 1900. Mrs. Johnson, too, was much against her husband's taking an active part in politics.

It was not long after the election, however, before Loftin and Bessie both began visiting New York. Their visits gradually became of longer and longer durations and soon it was only occasionally that they were at home here. In 1906 Loftin Johnson married. His wife was formerly maid to his sister.

Loftin made his home in New York. Three children were born. Two are living, the third, Tom L., 2d, having died about two years ago. Both of the others are boys.

Daughter Marries Italian.

Bessie Johnson was married March 25, 1907, to Signor Mariani, an Italian, reputed to be of noble birth. The two met in New York. Mrs. Mariani, at that time, was interested in playwriting. Mariani, too, displayed interest in such work. He and Miss Johnson were thrown much together and when she came to Cleveland the signor came, too, stopping at the Johnson mansion on Euclid avenue.

Within a few weeks the engagement was announced and the marriage followed. Married life was of but brief duration. The honeymoon led to Bar Harbor, Me., thence to New York city, where the souple separated. Mrs. Mariani returned to her parents' home. Afterward she secured a divorce and Mariani only last week was married to a New York girl.

Mrs. Mariani has one child, a daughter, Margaret Evelyn.

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Mine Superintendent	Architect — Spanish
Mine Foreman	Chemist — French
Plumbing, Steam Fitting	Gas Engines — German
Concrete Construction	Banking — Italian
Civil Engineer	Building Contractor
Textile Manufacturing	Architectural Draftsman
Stationary Engineer	Industrial Designing
Telephone Expert	Commercial Illustrating
Mechanical Engineer	Window Trimming
Mechan'l Draftsman	Show Card Writing
Electrical Engineer	Advertising Man
Electric Lighting Supt.	Stenographer
Electric Wireman	Bookkeeper

Name _____

Present Occupation _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

STEERAGE WOMEN FIRST

Cabin Passengers of Prinzes Irene Stand Aside for Immigrants.

Lone Hill Life Saving Station, L. I., April 8.—Daybreak today showed the wrecked steamer Prinzess Irene in a position which varied only a few degrees from that of yesterday. Then efforts of the tugs at high tide and the action of a veering wind had swung her nose a little further off shore, so that she presented less of the broadside to the watchers on land.

Fear a Northeaster.

The changing of the wind into the northeast and the appearance of grayish clouds on the horizon were the items that attracted chief attention from the life savers as they took their early morning observations through the lifting haze. Although the wind was scarcely more than a breeze, there were indications which the weatherwise regarded as ominous. A "northeastern and a hard blow coming" was the way it was interpreted by surfmen.

However, with the passengers all safely landed and the keel of the big ship flat in a bed of sand, a blow of moderate intensity will not have the terrors for the captain and crew which it would have had 24 hours ago. The fleet of tugs anchored hardby insured ample assistance in emergency, while the bulwark of sand piled up on all sides of the liner's keel was regarded as a protection from sudden disaster.

Transfer of Passengers.

Aboard of her remain only her officers and crew, 380 persons. The 1,720 passengers she carried, 285 of them in her cabins, are bound at last for New York aboard the Prinzess Irene's sister ship, the Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm.

The transfer of the Prinzess Irene's passengers was made beneath a brilliant sunlight, but in a sea which a northwest wind whipped into foam-crested breakers, things of danger for even the boats of the life-savers, though an attempt was made at first to use them. The risk was seen and the majority of the passengers were transferred direct from the decks of the Irene to that of the tug John J. Timmons.

First Passenger Leaves Liner.

The first passenger, a woman from the steerage, left the Prinzess Irene at 12:50 o'clock. The last went over the side at 6 o'clock, the cabin passengers standing aside for those of the steerage.

In the 5 hours and 10 minutes all of the passengers were transferred, a record for such work, seamen say, recalling that it took eight hours to transfer the 800 passengers from the sinking Republic off No Man's Land two years ago.

Among them all there was not one who showed the white feather. Greek and Italian women, whose ignorance of any but their own language kept them from the full knowledge of conditions which enheartened the cabin passengers, went over the side, down shaky ladders with smiles on their lips and courage in their eyes. They hugged their babies a little closer to them but they did not falter.

The work of lightering the cargo began at 7 o'clock. The cargo will be an easy one to handle, consisting for the most part of lemons, macaroni and similar products of the Mediterranean, packed in small cases. Experts on the shore were of the opinion that dredges would be found necessary to shift the sands from about her keel before she can be floated.

SPRAY FRIGHTENS BEES

Hampton, Conn., March 31.—Bee keepers in this section are fearful that the honey storing industry is to be a failure the coming season, and on comparing notes they are becoming convinced that the trouble is due to the spraying of trees, especially apple and other fruit trees, while in bloom, or just before the opening of the blossoms. City Clerk A. C. Scripture, of Willimantic, who was one of the first to make the assertion, states that in the winter of 1909 he took especially good care of his hives, kept them well covered during the severe weather, fed the bees as necessity demanded, and in the spring the little honey gatherers came out in prime condition, so that when the apple trees began to blossom they were in trim to make a vigorous attack on the hidden sweetness.

He supposed the bees were storing honey as in former years, and paid little attention to them for two or three weeks. When he did visit them he was surprised to find very few bees about the hives. At first he thought nothing of it, reasoning that they were out gathering honey. The next time he looked over the hives was at a time of day when the bees should have been about their quarters in large numbers. He was surprised to find even fewer than he did before. Investigation disclosed that the bees were practically all gone. It was too early in the season for them to swarm, and there were no indications about the hives that they had died, no dead bees being in sight.

Inquiring of other beekeepers, Mr. Scripture learned that he was not the only one who was losing bees, and that others had concluded that the spray applied to fruit trees to kill the tiny moths which infect the blossoms and later the fruit, was doing equally effective work in killing off the honey bees.

DIES ON WIFE'S GRAVE

Detroit, Mich., April 11.—John Kleinow, 57, was found lying dead on his wife's grave in the German Lutheran cemetery yesterday afternoon. Coroner J. E. Burgess thinks death was probably caused by heart trouble. The body was sent to the Wayne county morgue and an inquest will be held.

Kleinow went to the cemetery in the afternoon to pick dead grass and leaves from the grave preparatory to planting flowers and shrubbery.

RUSH TO CORONATION

Unprecedented Demand for Accommodations on Ships Sailing Before June 23.

The demand in New York for passage on outgoing liners for the month preceding the cornation of King George in London on June 23 is the greatest in the history of the steamship companies. A sanguine English estimate is that 100,000 Americans will witness the spectacle and that they will spend $25,000,000. Steamship agents here consider these figures excessive, although they say that more Americans will be in London this summer and that they will spend more money there than at any previous time.

All the steamship companies are making elaborate preparations to take care of the great rush of Americans to Europe in the early part of this season. The agents think that the total number who will indulge themselves in European travel and sightseeing this year will not exceed that of 1910, although thousands will want to go earlier to take in the coronation. The first-class passengers who sailed from American ports last year for Europe numbered 109,000, and the second-class passengers 115,000. The first-class passengers from New York for Europe were 94,000 and the second-class 83,000.

Go Second Class to See Show.

It is a matter of record that thousands who will travel second-class this summer are going expressly to witness the ceremonies. Two men who are going out by the Cunard Line in May and June have each engaged a second-class berth on the Mauretania and Lusitania for $240 each. They are paying a first-class figure for second-class accommodation, differing only in name from the other, to insure absolute comfort.

The demand for passage in May and the first half of the following month is so excessive that the entire list of bookings on the George Washington for June 8 could be wiped out and the colonial water castle be filled again from the waiting list. The same condition exists in the case of the Hamburg-American line's principal many-tiered family ocean transports leaving New York the last available date to reach London Town.

During the six weeks immediately preceding the week of the gorgeous ceremonial, not mentioning the five days of official royal receptions and banquets from June 17 to June 22, the transatlantic fleet of Atlantic carriers leaving New York for the north of Europe, will include 70 first-class steamships, which will carry 20,000 first-class and almost as many second-class voyagers.

There will, of course, be some visitors from the steerage, which last year carried more than 250,000 to Europe.

To this 40,000 visitors must be added another 5,000 sailing from American ports, another 3,000 Americans sailing from Canadian ports and the Americans in official life, the American women who have married English husbands, non-resident Americans, American society abroad, foreign representatives of American business houses and the floating class of American business men who may happen to be near enough to Picadilly to edge into the human swarm.

Englishmen Expect a Harvest.

According to the estimate of the same London statistician, who figures the American multitude, the British metropolis will have been enriched by some $25,000,000 on the basis of $250 a head hoped for from the visiting Yankees.

This estimate is considered rather large by some hotel men in New York, who have had hotel experience in London. They figure that the average American will not spend during the week he devotes to the crowning of King George more than $20 a day, half of this for hotel expenses and the balance for extras.

The same New York-London hotel authority says that the American with an average income spends the most money on his travels. He spends more in many ways than the very rich, who have economy down to a science, and the poor man, who doesn't spend money because he hasn't it. His estimate of $10 a day for living and $10 for extras applies to the small hotels, the boarding houses and lodgings.

London Landlords Extortionate.

New Yorkers who have written for hotel accommodation have learned that prices have gone up almost out of sight. A New Jersey lawyer wrote to his old landlord in London and received a reply that the rate would be 60 shillings a day, three times what the Jerseyman paid when last in London.

First-class passengers going to and returning from Europe spent last year for passage alone about $20,000,000. If London gets $20,000,000 from her sightseers from the United States during the royal investiture, she will have received as much as the steamship companies last year for their best accommodations on the sea.

As for the preparations making by the ocean lines to handle the coronation traffic, they are doing business along normal lines, booking the staterooms as closely full as can be. The Mauretania and Lusitania are going out absolutely full, each taking 450 first-class passengers on their initial June trips. All these have engaged their hotel accommodation ahead. The Mauretania and Lusitania carry as many second class, with 465 for a record for first-class.

Additional rooms to the number of 18 have been built on the deck of both the Mauretania and the Lusitania, the berths being carried straight aft, and there is yet more space to be utilized on this, the fifth deck, down from the topside. The "E" is pronounced by travelers to be as steady and quiet as a sanitarium.

The sailing of the Ivernia from Boston has been advanced to June 12.

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Co. is sending over the Avon by way of Bermuda as early as April 13, with 350 passengers, 250 first and 100 second.

The sailing of the Adriatic from New York has been advanced from Wednesday, June 14, to Monday, June 12, to accommodate the coronation travel. She is going out jammed.

On the George Washington, Kronprinz Wilhelm, Bremen, Kronprinzessin Cecille and Barbarossa, the five coronation ships proper of the North German Lloyd Line, 1,900 first-class passages have been written. Three other big steamers of the same fleet, the Kaiser Wilhelm II., the Kiaser Wilhelm der Grosse and the Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm, the last departing from here on May 18, are also going full.

For two months the bookings of the Hamburg-American line have been extraordinarily heavy. Its coronation ships are the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, Amerika, Cleveland, Cincinnati, President Grant, President Lincoln, Bluecher and Hamburg, which will take out more than 5,000 royal sightseers.

Cleveland's Former Mayor

TOM L. JOHNSON.

TOM L. JOHNSON DEAD

Death Comes to the Political Leader After Heroic Struggle.

Cleveland, O., April 10.—Tom L. Johnson, twice congressman from the Twenty-first Ohio district, four times mayor of Cleveland, champion of 3-cent railway fare and prominent advocate of the single tax theory of the late Henry George, died tonight after a long illness. Death was caused by cirrhosis of the liver. He was 57 years of age.

Mr. Johnson had been ill for more than a year but his condition was not serious until he suffered a relapse on Wednesday, March 13. He had been gaining strength ever since he came home after spending the summer on Nantucket Island. Saturday night, March 11, he left his apartments and attended a banquet of the Nisi Prius club, an organization of Cleveland lawyers. He remained there until 2 a. m. Sunday, and when he returned to his home he complained of not feeling well.

The following Wednesday his condition was such that he was obliged to go to bed. From that day to the time of his death his condition was grave, though several times he made seemingly impossible rallies, and despite the fact that he realized he did not have long to live, the former mayor was cheerful and optimistic almost to the last.

Ill More Than Year.

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A "Stormy Petrel."

Tom L. Johnson once referred to himself in a public adudress as "a stormy petrel" and this metaphor aptly described him and indicated the course of his career. From the time he entered the offices of a Louisville street railway company as a boy of 15, until his defeat for a fifth term as mayor of Cleveland on Nov. 2, 1909, he was ever in the center of some storm, political or financial. And, he often said, it was thus that he enjoyed himself best.

Johnson was born in Georgetown, Ky., July 18, 1854. He was christened Thomas Loftin, but he always preferred to call himself Tom L., and so he was known from boyhood. He started to work in a Louisville traction office and when still a youth secured sufficient backing and bought a controlling interest in the Indianapolis street railways. In the '80's, with his brother Albert, he came to Cleveland and became interested in the street car systems here and assisted in a partial consolidation of them.

Goes to Congress.

He became a director in the Cleveland Electric Railway Co. and in 1891 was elected a member of congress from the Twenty-first Ohio district, serving two terms as a "single taxer." When he was defeated as a candidate for third term, he went to New York, disposing of his street car interests in Cleveland and acquiring control of the Nassau Street Railway line in Brooklyn.

While engaged in business in Cleveland he sold his Indianapolis traction holdings and acquired control of the Detroit car lines, and it was then that he first proposed three-cent fare. The citizens of Detroit, however, rejected his proposition that they buy his road and establish that rate of fare and he retired from Detroit.

He also entered the steel manufacturing business at Johnstown, Pa., Moxham, Pa., and Lorain, O. These interests he successively disposed of and when in 1900 he sold his Brooklyn traction line, he was left free of business cares. He returned to Cleveland and in April, 1901, was elected mayor of Cleveland on a platform which promised universal three-cent car fare.

After a fight with the street car company which lasted until 1908 and through four elections, in each of which he was triumphant, the Cleveland traction lines passed into the hands of the Municipal Traction Co,

Defeated by Bachr.

After six months' trial of operation at three cents, the people at a referendum election, voted out the franchise and the municipal company passed into the hands of a receiver, where it remained until February 1910. One more attempt was made by Mayor Johnson to secure the passage of the three cent grants, but his proposal were rejected at an election held August 3, 1909. His own defeat followed three months later and on January 1, 1910, he surrendered the reins of office to the present mayor, Herman C. Baehr. Two months later three cent fare was established, the result of Mr. Johnson's efforts.

In 1903, while Mr. Johnson was mayor of Cleveland, he was nominated for governor by the Democrats of Ohio, but was unsuccessful at the election.

FIGHT TO A FINISH

Insurrectos Drop Peace Negotiations and Will Go on With War.

San Antonio, April 7.—Juan Sanchez Azcona, in the absence of Alfonso Madero, acting head of the Mexican insurrectors in San Antonio, has announced that all peace negotiations between the Mexican government and the leaders of the insurrectos are off and that the war will be prosecuted with greater vigor than ever before.

He said that from this on the slogan of the insurrectos will be, "War to a finish," and added that this information was to be immediately conveyed to Francisco Madero, Jr., leader of the insurrecto movement.

Senor Azcona said that the message to Francisco Madero, Jr., would be signed by all the rebel leaders,

The reason for this change of front from a peace-signing to a belligerent attitude, Senor Azcona said, was the receipt of information from Francisco Madero, Jr., in which the field leader said it was useless even to talk peace so long as Diaz remained in the chair in the City of Mexico.

Predicts Unusual Activity.

Azcona said that during the last two weeks, while Francisco I. Madero, Sr., and others identified with the insurrector cause, were trying to find ways to bring about peace in Mexico, the insurrectos in the field had not been very active. Now that peace negotiations are off, he said, news of a different sort may be expected from Mexico.

"We might have made peace had Diaz relinquished office," said Azcona. "Now it is war. Our people will never consent to lay down their arms so long as he is president."

Confirmation of rumors that the insurrecto movement is gaining headway in the state of Jalisco was brought to San Antonio yesterday by Mr. Woodfin, a mining engineer connected with the Bueno Fe gold mines near Ojuelos, Jalisco.

Yucatan May Rebel.

"There is no telling at what time we will have to close down our mines," said Mr. Woodfin. "I hear that the Cinco Estrellas mines, about 40 miles north of our mines, have already closed down. All of our labor that would prove of any service in the revolution is leaving us and joining the revolutionists."

Another serious report was brought here to the effect that the state of Yucatan was about to declare its independence of Mexico, and that it would declare itself a permanent independent republic regardless of the result of the present war between the government and insurrectos in other states of Mexico.

PRETTY MEXICAN GIRL IS RECRUITING FOR THE REBELS

Mexico City, April 7.—At the head of a rebel band some hundreds strong there is a pretty young woman, the daughter of General Canuto Neri, of Guerrero, once a rebel himself, according to an article which appeared yesterday afternoon in El Heraldo.

"La Neri," organized her force of insurrectos in Guerrero, her native state, but during the first days of this week she and her followers rode across the boundary into the state of Morelos. The war-loving young woman has not yet engaged in battle, but has contented herself with riding from ranch to ranch and enlisting recruits. In this she is said to have been remarkably successful.

Twelve years ago her father attained some notoriety by heading an incipient revolt in Guerrero caused by dissatisfaction with the result of the state elections.

GREEK A CURE FOR GREED

But School Board Disagrees With Old Teacher's Reasoning.

Ithaca, N. Y., April 7.—The study of Greek in the public schools would divert the young from the passion of money-getting, declared Dr. Lewis L. Forman, for 20 years a teacher of Greek at Cornell university, when he asked the local board of education today to have Greek restored to the high school curriculum. He was asked if he thought the school board should devote one room and one teacher for perhaps one pupil who might study Greek. He replied in the affirmative, saying that the pupil would be "given a chance in this democracy to do his best."

President Williams, of the board, told Mr. Forman that the schools had received but one application for Greek in three years. The doctor's appeal was futile.

TOO RELIGIOUS, IS HIS PLEA

15 Faiths in 17 Years Record Man Gives His Spouse.

Chicago, April 7.—To much religion was the cause alleged by George W. Bone, of Evanston, for the trouble between him and his wife, Vallona Ida Bone, in his answer to her suit for divorce filed in the superior court yesterday.

Since their marriage February 20, 1894, she has joined 15 religious denominations, he says, including the Dowie propaganda. Frequently, it is said, she attended Dowie meetings at Zion City besides being a regular attendant at Salvation Army gatherings.

Frequently quarrels arose between them, he said, because he would not agree with her in religious arguments. At present he declares that she is an active member of the religious society known as the Millenium Dawn."

A Queen at Home.

Girl's Own Paper.

Queen Mary is no public speaker, though a widely read woman, without being in any sense a bluestocking and is proficient in Italian, German and French, playing the harp and piano well and being a great knitter and the most expert needlewoman in the royal family. She is rarely without a needle in her hand when at leisure and when she stayed at country houses before her accession the lady in waiting would bring her as a matter of course her needlework bag after dinner and she worked while talking.

She is quite accustomed to the sewing machine and thinks so highly of knitting and crocheting that her sons have been taught to make mittens, simple lace and stockings, while she and her daughter have knitted many stockings for the royal children.

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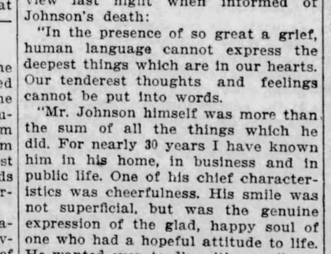

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Dreaming	Tittle Tattle Tale	Yankee Doodle Boy	I'm Starving for One Sight of You
Napanee	Sweetest Days	Captain Baby Bunting	I Want Someone to Call Me Dearie
Rainbow	Somewhere	My Dream of the U. S. A.	Your Lips, Your Eyes, Your Golden Hair
Red Wing	When I Marry You	A Man, a Maid, a Moon, a Boat	I'm Trying the Leaves So They Won't Come
Honey Boy	I Wish I Had a Girl	Love Me and the World is Mine	Down
School Days	Be Sweet to Me Kid	Roses Bring Dreams of You	I'll Be Waiting in the Gloaming, Sweet
Ida Ho	Shine On Harvest Moon	Take Me Out to the Ball Game	Genevieve
Cheyenne	Bird on Nellie's Hat	I'm Afraid to Come Home in the Dark	Let Me Write What I Never Dared to Tell
Smarty	Games of Childhood Days	Oee, but This is a Lonesome Town	When You Know You're Not Forgotten by
San Antonio	Nobody Knows, Nobody Cares	By the Light of the Silvery Moon	the Girl You Can't Forget
Desire	Waiting at the Church	Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet	Is There Any Room in Heaven for a Little
Morning Cy	You're a Grand Old Flag	Next to Your Mother Who Do You	Girl Like Me
Arra Wanna	I Could Love a Million Girls	I've Got Rings on My Fingers [Love I'd Rather Two-Step Than Waltz, Bill	
Are You Sincere	Pride of the Prairie Mary	How Do You Do Miss Josephine	Could You Love a Little Girl Like Me

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JOHNSON TELLS LIFE IDEAL IN HIS LAST PUBLIC UTTERANCE

Cleveland, April 11.—"This doesn't look like the old tent, but it sounds familiar," said Tom L. Johnson in a speech at the Joseph Fels single tax meeting held in the Chamber of Commerce on the night of January 6 last. Johnson had arisen to speak at the meeting, his last public appearance in Cleveland. The crowd tendered him an ovation. He then said:

"I'd rather feel right than look right. A word as to my health—I do not know whether I have a long life or a short life, but I do know that with your help we have been able—some of us—to do a day's work."

In part, he then said:

"My friends I want to speak of the great work in which we are interested—the work that has created the greatest stir in the movement of humanity, so far as solving the problem of life is concerned. It is the problem of how men and women can get most happiness in life. In this the words of justice of Henry George have stirred the world.

"Here in Ohio we have the reputation of being the leading city—of living in a city that is set on a hill; of being in the forefront of all great movements for the uplift of humanity. Let us continue to lead in all these movements.

"We have led in many movements. All these things are small in comparison to the big work, and at the bottom this is the big question—the guaranteeing to men and women who produce the wealth the right to enjoy it. Henry George in 'Progress and Poverty' wrote that men would be willing to struggle, to fight and to die for it. We have reached that stage. "We have gone through every stage from beginning to end. All over the world there are men struggling, fighting and ready to die for it.

"No subject interests me so much. No political question appeals to me so much as this problem of helping men and women to lead easier lives and better lives than those before us."

"BRAVEST MAN I EVER KNEW," SAYS H. R. COOLEY

Cleveland, April 11.—Rev. Harris R. Cooley, director of charity in Johnson's cabinet, and one of Johnson's closest friends, gave out the following interview last night when informed of Johnson's death:

"In the presence of so great a grief, human language cannot express the deepest things which are in our hearts. Our tenderest thoughts and feelings cannot be put into words.

"Mr. Johnson himself was more than the sum of all the things which he did. For nearly 30 years I have known him in his home, in business and in public life. One of his chief characteristics was cheerfulness. His smile was not superficial, but was the genuine expression of the glad, happy soul of one who had a hopeful attitude to life. He wanted even to die with a smile on his face. He believed in men. The superficial distinction of wealth or dress meant so little to him. Some of his friends were in humble walks.

MAYORESS TO WIELD THE MOP

Hunnewell's Woman Executive Wants a Cleanup.

Hunnewell, Kan., April 11.—"Mayoress" Mrs. Ella Wilson last night presided over the common council. Her masculine opponent failed to get enough votes at the election, was unlucky when lots were drawn, and, after being counted in by a friendly canvassing board, he ran squarely into the law, so the certificate was given to Mrs. Wilson.

There is some muttering among his friends, but he seems inclined to give up the struggle.

"There is no city marshal now, but there will be if I can get one," said Mrs. Wilson. "Also pool halls will be closed or put under such control by license and strict regulation as to make them harmless to the youth of Hunnewell. I intend to take up other reforms and make this a model town.

"But there are five councilmen, and I may not get very far with any reforms I wish to put in force. I want Hunnewell to be a cleaner city, but can tell how much or how little hope there is for betterment only when I have an opportunity to observe the attitude of the council."

Most of the people of Hunnewell, and many persons from the surrounding country attended the first session of the council.

FIRE PANIC SEIZES GIRLS

Woman Smokes, Drops Cigarette Butt, It Is Charged.

New York, April 11.—Wild excitement among 100 or more girl copyists followod a slight fire yesterday in the women's room in the Brooklyn hall of records. A man and woman were overcome by smoke and had to be dragged to safety.

The room in which the fire occurred is on the second floor. Eugene Brannigan, a clerk in the surrogate's office, saw the smoke and, rushing in, found an elderly woman overcome by smoke. He hauled her out and ran back to see if there were anyone else that needed help, only to fall unconscious himself. He in turn was rescued by J. C. Coffin, a clerk in the appellate court.

After the firemen had put out the blaze the lieutenant of one of the engine companies said he found a cigarette butt on the floor, left there by a girl smoker.

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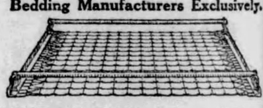

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The Prince's Coat of Arms.

London Times.

His majestey was this day pleased, by and with the advice of his privy council, to order that the arms of the august house of Saxony, which have become customarily borne upon an escutcheon of pretence in the achievement of the prince of Wales, shall be removed, and that there shall be substituted in place thereof the following arms as representing the principality of Wales—videlicet—"Quarterly Or and Gules four lions passant guardant counterchanged, ensigned by the coronet of this degree."

The Astronomer's Cat.

London Globe.

The Rev. T. E. C. Espin, who recently achieved considerable fame by discovering a new star, possesses a tabby cat.

The story of Mr. Espin's cat in his own words is this: "Last February, returning from church on a cold night with the ground covered with snow, I heard lamentations very similar to what Jeremiah would have uttered, and on searching about found a young and quite small cat on the window sill, very cold and very starved. I took him in and fed him and made inquiries, but have never obtained the least clue to his owner. He was then about six months old. We became keenly attached and his affection has been such great that on more than one occasion he has saved me the trouble of eating my d